Class PN6081
Book .W5

WISE SAYINGS

OF

THE GREAT AND GOOD

THE BOOK OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

CHOICE POEMS AND LYRICS.

CHOICE THOUGHTS FROM SHAKSPERE.

GOLDEN GLEANINGS.

WISE SAYINGS OF THE GREAT AND GOOD.

THE BOOK OF HUMOUR, WIT AND WISDOM.

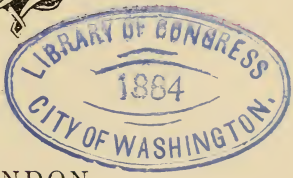
Beautifully Printed on Toned Paper, price 3s. 6d. each.

Wise Sayings

798
3419

OF

THE GREAT AND GOOD



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

1867

PN 6081
.W5

Printed by R. Clark, *Edinburgh.*

PREFACE.

THE selections comprised in this Volume embrace as wide a range as was possible within the limits of the book. It will be found that the major portion of the pieces are from English authors, but many extracts have been made from Continental and American writers. Among the Continental authors the name of Rückert will be found, whose poetry is of a high order, but who is little known in this country. The translation the Compiler has used is an American work. Quotations from the illustrious Schiller, and Goethe the patriarch of German literature, have also been made. Wherever it appeared necessary the exact place in the author's works is indicated, so that the reader

can with facility turn to the original to see the context. The aim of the Compiler has been to make the selections for the most part short, but at the same time characteristic of the author; and he presumes to hope that the Volume thus offered to the public will be found not only interesting, but useful to those numerous readers who want for handy reference some of the prominent features of an author's works in the briefest space.

ANALYSIS OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ACCIDENTS, Lucky and Unlucky	1
Acquaintances, Youthful	1
Action should attend upon Thought	2
Actions, Origin of—Importance of a Man's—The result of Chance	2
Activity and Power, Difference between	2
Acts, Good	3
Advantage better than Rashness	3
Adversity, Parentage and Power of—And Prosperity	3-4
Advice, Insincerity in asking	4
Affection of one preferred to the Admiration of many	5
Affliction, Mercy in—Should be borne Patiently—Sorts of	5
Age in Olden Time, Reverence paid to—Old—Weakness of Old—Youthfulness in	6-7
Ambition—Knows no limit—Absurdity of—Test of—Folly of—Ambition and Love—Ambition and Moderation—Ambition and Choler	7-9
Angels, Ministration of	9
Angling	10
Anguish and Discontent	10
Animals, Against Cruelty to	10
Anticipation and Realisation	10
Appearance, Affectation of—Against judging by	11
Application, Triumph of	11
Aptness	12
Ass, The	12
Astrology, Falsehood of	12
Atheism Rebuked	12
Atheists	13
Avarice—Springs from Covetousness—Imperfection of	13-14

	PAGE
BEAUTY, Power of—Like Summer Fruit	14
Beautiful and Useful, The	15
Benefits and Injuries	15
Birth and Burying	15
Blessings—Should be Used	15
Blockheads	16
Blusterer, A	16
Boldness	16
Books—Multiplication of	16-17
Borrowing and Surety, Concerning	17
Bower in Eden, Description of a	18
Brave, Death of the	18
Bread, The Sourest	19
Breeding, Marks of Good	19
Britons	20
Brothers, All Men are	20
Business	21
Busybody, The	21
CALUMNY, Influence of—Slanders all	22
Care, Value of—Man's first	22-23
Catechising	23
Cathedral, Impressiveness of an Old	23
Caution	24
Celerity, The Negligent admire	24
Censure	24
Chance	24
Charity—And Friendship—And Love	25-26
Cheerfulness	26
Child, A—Epitome of the Father	26
Childhood—Innocence of—Purity of	27
Children—Joy and Sorrow of—Rules for the Education of—Training of—Treatment of—Treatment in Olden Time	28-30
Churchyard, A New	30
Civility, Proof of	30
Clergyman, Characteristics of a good	30
Clothes, History and Worth of	31
Comet, The—Travels of a	31-32
Common Sense	32
Company, The best	33
Competency and Content	33
Conceits, Dangerous	33

PAGE

Confession and Shrift 34
Congregations, Afternoon 34
Conscience—Recording Power of—A Wounded—And Wealth—An Evil stained—A Sore—Cure of an Evil—Cured by Repentance 34-36
Contemplation, A Fire Side 36
Contempt 37
Content—Real—Sweetness of—Power of—With our Circumstances—May dwell with Poverty—Careless 37-38
Contentment—With Lot—With Circumstances—Of Mind 38-39
Conversation—Concerning—Agreeableness in—Advantages of 39-40
Converse and Solitude 41
Co-operation, Advantages of 41
Coquetry 41
Counsel 41
Country, Love of—Love of Native 42
Courage 43
Courtier, Recommendations for a—Proof of a good—A Cupboard 43
Coward, A Blustering 43
Cowards are bred, How 44
Creditors and Debtors 44
Crimes 44
Cunning, The greatest 44-45
Curiosity, Vain 45

Daisy, The 45
Dangers 46
Daring 46
Day, Importance of a single—Day by day Revelations—And Night 46-47
Death, What is—Definition of—The Portrait of—A Child's idea of—Anticipation of—Happiness of—Joy in—The Mystery of—Beauty in—Repose in—The Fear and Joy of—Unconquerable—Victory of—Inevitable—Universal Reign of—Life through—The Scrutiny of the Death-bed—Fear of Death natural—To whom Gracious—How to meet—Sudden the most Preferable—Best Proof against—Sacredness of the Death-chamber—Death-bed of the Just—A Friend—And Life . . . 47-55

PAGE

Deceit, Difficulty of Practising . . . 55
Deer, Description of a wild 55
Delay 56
Delicacies not in Nature 56
Delights 56
Desire, Evil—How to Conquer—Never Realised . 56-57
Destiny 57
Determination, Illustrations of a fixed . . 57
Devotion, Pure 57
Diet, A Miser's 58
Difficulties 58
Diseases 59
Dishonesty, Double 59
Distance, Enchantment of 59
Dog, A Master's devotion to his . . . 59
Dress, On—Description of a Lady's . . . 60
Drinking, A Drunkard's Proposal respecting . 60
Drum, Description of a 61
Dying 61

Ease 62
Echo 62
Economy in Household Matters . . . 62
Eden, Description of the Garden of . . . 63
Education—A complete—The best—Of Children—
Of the Poor 64-65
Effort 66
Embroidery 66
Employment, Suitable 66
Emulation and Envy defined . . . 66
Encouragement 66
Endurance 67
England, The Homes of 67
Englishmen 67-68
English Soldiers, Description of . . . 68
Ennui, A Cure for 68
Envy 69
Error, Prevalence of—To Confess no disgrace . 70
Errors, Vulgar 70
Evening—In Summer—Approach of—Stillness of—
Solemness of—Wooed by Thetis—Melting into
Night 71-73
Evil—Greatness in—Wrestling with Good . . 73

PAGE

Evil-speaking a sign of bad Manners . . 74
Evils that are Past should not be mourned . . 74
Example, The Power of—Effect of . . . 74-75
Executions, Concerning 75
Expense 75
Experience 75
Eyes—Watchfulness over 76

Face not Deceptive, The—An imperfect Index of Thought 76
Fact, Definition of a 76
Fading away 77
Fairy-land 77
Fairy Landscape, A 77
Faith—Joys of—Hope and Love . . . 78-79
Falsehood—And Truth 79
Fame, Definitions of—Trumpet of . . . 79-80
Family, How to train a 80
Families, Mutability of 80
Fashion, Definitions of—Life of a Lady of . . 81
Fashion-mongers, Tiresomeness of . . . 82
Fatalism, Absurdity of 82
Fathership 83
Faults—Small 83
Fear 83
Fears 83
First Love, Endurance of 83
Flatterer, A 84
Flattery, Love of—The Handmaid of Sin . . 84
Flight of Soldiers in a Battle . . . 84
Flowers—Beauty of Field 85
Foolery 85
Fools, Old 86
Forethought 86
Fortune—What is—The way of—Man the Master of—The Mind superior to—Tricks of—And Providence—Not to be trusted—Misery and Hope . . 87-89
Freedom, How to acquire—Endurance of . . 89
Freedom's Sons 90
Friend, The best 90
Friends, Loss of—How to keep—Costly . . 90-91
Friendship, Description of—Proof of—Value of—In Misery—Broken—Cunning of—False—Subject to Pride—And Civility—Love and Liberty . . 91-93

PAGE

GAOL, Consolations of a 93
Gardens 94
Garments, Man's best 94
Generosity 94
Genius—Invocation to—Industry of—Attendants upon—Jealousies of—And Nature . . 95-97
Geniuses, Small 97
Gentleman, One Composition of a . . . 97
Ghosts, Against believing in 98
Glory, Instability of Human 98
"God is Love" 99
Gold 99
Good, Progress of—The Delight of doing—Linked with all Hearts 99-100
Goodness 100
Governing Self and others 100
Government, God's 101
Gratitude, Causes of 101
Grave, The—The Rest of the—The Hallowedness of the—Flowers suitable for a—A Poet's . 102-103
Graves 103
Gravity 103
Greatness—True—Decay of Monuments of . . 104
Greediness, Evil Effects of 105
Grief, Definitions of—Blindness of—Effect of—Universality of—Where to obtain Consolation in 105-106
Groans, Unutterable 107
Guilt, Effect of Brooding upon the Remembrance of—And Shame 108-109

HANGING 109
Happiness—Basis of—Seat of—The Foundation of—One Ingredient of—The only real—True—Frailty of—Not found by Chance—Where to be found—The Perfection of human—Consists in the Enjoyment of the present Hour—Instability of human—Pleasure of imparting to Others . 109-114
Hat, Advice about the 115
Hate—Tyranny of 115
Hatred 115
Head and the Heart, The 116
Health, Value of 116
Heart—Mastery of the—Strength of a pure—Value

PAGE

of a good—And the Head—Hardness of an ungrateful 116-117
Heaven, Descriptions of—The Class of Men who go to—Not answerable for Man's Follies . 117-120
Hero, Definition of a 120
Home—Man's best Place—Dear to all—Of Contentment 120-121
Honesty 122
Honour, Definitions of—Composition of . 122-123
Hope—Definitions of—What is—Birth of—Sacredness of—Value of—In Sorrow—Endurance of the good Man's 123-125
Hopes 125
Horse, Descriptions of a War . . . 125
Houses 126
Humility, Lesson on—Worth of—The Mark of Dignity—Known of God—With regard to Others—Commended, but not practised by all . 126-128
Humours, Influence of 128
Hypocrisy—Weakness of 128
Hypocrite, An 129

Idleness—Against—The Growth of—Influence of 129-131
Ignorance, Value of—Good in—Fate of . 131-133
Ills—Origin of 133
Immortality—How to gain—Intimation of . 133-134
Independence, Dangers of—Power of . . 134
Industry and Sloth 135
Inebriety 135
Ingratitude—Causes of—One Species of . . 136
Innocence, Asseveration of—And Guilt . . 137
Instinct and Reason 137
Instruction 137
Interest 138
Invisibility, No 138

Jealousies in States 138
Jealousy—Venom of 139
Jews, The 139
Joy 139
Judgment-Record, The—Description of the Day of 140
Justice, Characteristics of 140

PAGE

KINDNESS, Proof of 141
King, his Office and Authority, A—Boasted Power of a 141
King's Office, Difficulties of a . . . 141
Kings—The Prerogative of 142
Kiss, Use of a—A Farewell . . . 142
Knowledge, Definitions of—Scope of—Needful—Should be generally diffused . . 143-144
Koran, Poverty of the 145

LABOUR in the Garden of Eden . . . 145
Landowners and Merchants, Difference between . 146
Lands, Concerning Love for Classic . . 146
Language of the Face, The 146
Laughter—Analysis of 147
Law—Definition of—Design of—The Shifts of . 148
Lawsuits 149
Lawyer, A 149
Learning and Wealth 149
Leave-taking of Lovers never long enough . . 150
Leisure 150
Life, Definitions of—What is—A Golden Rule for—And its Witnesses—The good—The longest—All Seasons joyous—None entirely wretched—Conditions of—Unnoticed Progress of—Sustenance of—Love of, increased by Years—A Picture of—Compared to an April Day—A Book—A Stage—A Battle—At a Court—Picture of a Country—A Shepherd's—In the East—Attractions of a Wild—The Evening of—Of Man, and in Nature—And Death . . . 150-161
Light—The Shadow of God—Origin of . 162-163
Loneliness 164
Love, Definitions of—Of divine Origin—Immortality of—The Language of—Man's first Talk—To the Young—Perfection of—True—Can neither be concealednor feigned—Influence of—Charity of—Reasons for—Quality of—The most profound—Solace of—Hallowing Influence of—Strength in—No Selfishness in—The Boundlessness of—Effects of—Courage of—The Growth of—Varieties of—Constancy in—Related to Lunacy—Concealed—Differs according to Clime—Effect upon different Persons—Out of Work—Story of a bitter 164-174

PAGE

Lover, How to cure a 175
Lovers are never weary, Why—Parting of . . 175
Lovers' Despair 176
Loving and Praying 177
Luxury—Effect of on Man—Definition of a vicious 177-178
Lying creates Lying 179

Magic? What is 179
Majesty 179
Man, Description of—Superiority of—Triumphs over all Sorrows—The Ages of—Attributes of—The Three Enemies of—The Weakness of—Arrogance and Ignorance of—Destiny lies in Himself—Should never distrust Providence—The Happiest—Power of an Honest—Some Good in every—None hopelessly Evil—Limited Capacities of—Contrarieties in—Compared to a Garden—Contradictions in—Relation to God 180-187
Manhood 188
Mankind, Man's Estimation of 188
Manners, Striking 188
Marriage, Advice respecting—On rejecting Offers of—Second 189-191
Married, Advice to those 191
May 191
Means and Miracles—Means and End . . 191-192
Meddlesomeness, Reward of 192
Meditation, Advantages of 193
Melancholy, Analysis of—Joys of—How to Cure 193-194
Melody, Origin of 195
Memory—Endurance of a Thought in the—Lapse of 195-196
Men, Honest—That are truly Free—Neglected—Little Great—Men of Wit—Difference between Men and Women—and Insects . . . 196-197
Merchants 198
Mercy—In Heaven—Brightens the Rainbow—For all—And Truth—True Mercy unpurchaseable 198-200
Merit 200
Metropolitan Life, Corrupting Influences of a . 201
Midnight 201
Might, Real 202
Mind, The—Lowliness of—Defects in the—No Cure in Nature for a Disordered . . . 202-203

PAGE

Minds, Vulgar 203
Minerals and Plants 203
Miracles—Ancient and Modern . . . 204
Mirth, Wicked 204
Misers—Description of genuine—Devour poor People 204-205
Misery—The Depth of 205
Misfortune alleviated by Pity . . . 205
Misfortunes that can be Borne . . . 206
Moments 206
Money 206
Moon, How to Visit the 206
Morning—Approach of—Appearance of—Duties 207-208
Mountain, Address to a—Effect of the Sight of Mountains on the Mind . . . 208-209
Mourning, Joy in 209
Music, The Spirit of—Influence of—Soothing Power of—Sweetness at Midnight . . 210-211
Musical Controversy between a Youth and a Nightingale 211

NATURE, Signs of God in—Divinity in—Wisdom in —Laboratory of—Liberality of—Value of a Taste of Wild—Teaching of—Lesson of—Faithfulness of —Beauty Spoiled by Man—The One Touch of 212-217
Natures, Low 218
Nautilus, Description of a 218
Neglect, Sorrow of 219
Nest, Description of a Thrush's . . . 219
News, Love of 219
Night, Descriptions of—In Sweden—In the East—Solemnity of—Influence of—Beauty of—The Time for Study—The Time for Rest . . 220-223
Nonsense 223

OBEDIENCE, Necessity for 224
Obligations and Ingratitude 225
Oblivion 225
Ocean, Sublimity of 226
Opinion and Truth, Distinction between . . 226
Opportunity 226

PAINTINGS, Characteristic of Salvator's . . 227
Palace, Description of a 227

PAGE
Paradise—Despair of 228
Parson, A good 229
Passion—Cultivated—A ruling 229
Passions, Influence of our—Should be in Subjection 230
Past, The 230
Patience—Of Celestial Origin—In Labour and Tribulation 231
Patriotism, Want of 231
Peace—When Honourable 232
Perseverance—Value of 233
Philosophy, The Teaching of—And Religion . 233
Physician, The True 234
Pity, Analysis of 234
Place 235
Pleasure—Slavishness to—Always mingled with Woe—And Quiet 235-236
Pleasures—Mental—Cannot be numbered . . 236
Poet, Description of a 236
Poetry—Advantages of—Immortality of . 237-238
Politeness 238
Politicians, Bad 238
Popularity and Glory 239
Poverty, Blessings of 239
Praise—Definitions of—Undeserved . . 239-240
Prayer, Definitions of—Always Available—Cause of Unanswered—Power of—Postures in—Should be Direct to God—And its Answers—Of a good Man compared to the Singing of a Lark . 240-244
Preaching—The best—In olden Time . . 245
Precedency 245
Prescription, A Soldier's 246
Pride, Definitions of—To a certain Extent allowable—How to overcome . . . 246-247
Priesthood, The 247
Procrastination in Principle and Practice . . 247
Profession, Choice of a 247
Progress and Success 248
Promises, Efficacy of God's 248
Property—Origin of 248-249
Prosperity—Enervating Influence of—And Adversity 249-250
Protection and Preservation 250
Providence—Divine—In Nature—Overrules all—In Works of Nature 250-251
Prudence and Love 252

PAGE

RAGE 252
Rainbow, The 252
Reading—On—Influence of Retirement and 253-254
Refraining—The Power of 254
Religion, Definitions of—Ministration of—Importance of—Effects of—Fanatics in . 254-256
Repentance—Definitions of . . . 256-257
Republics and Monarchies 257
Reputation 257
Resignation 258
Resolution 258
Rest, True—Home of true—Longing for . 258-259
Resurrection—After Death—The—Certainty of the 259-260
Retirement, A Life of 261
Revenge 261
Riches—Value of 261-262
Right, Always 262
Ritual, The English 262
Rivulet, Description of a 263

SABBATH Morning 264
Sagacity 264
Satan, Double Dealing of—Signs of Grief in—Method of tempting 264-265
School, A Country 265
Schoolmaster, Advantages of having a good . 266
School-Training, A grievous Fault in . . 266
Scripture, Rendering of—The Wealth of . . 267
Seamanship 267
Secret, A—Concerning keeping . . . 268
Sects, Origin and Growth of . . . 268
Self-Knowledge—Love—Mistrust . . . 269
Sense, Value of common 270
Sermons, Proper Composition of . . . 270
Servant, Character of a good—Account of a Russian male 270
Servants 271
Service, God's 271
Ship at Sea, Description of a . . . 271
Shipwreck, An Evil Spirit's Account of a . . 272
Sickness, Patience in 272
Sighs 272
Silence—And Darkness—In Nature . . . 273

PAGE

Sin, Growth of—The Rule of—Miseries of . . 273
Sincerity, The Shield of 274
Sins and Repentance 275
Skull, The Moral of a 275
Slander 276
Slavery, Unchangeableness of . . . 276
Sleep, Definitions of—And Death—Gentleness of—Capriciousness of—The Forgetfulness of Life—How to be lulled to—And Oblivion 276-281
Smile, A—A Child's 281
Snares 282
Society, Man not dependent on . . . 282
Soldier, The Story of a British—A notable . 282-283
Solitude, Real—Value of Genuine—To be Wooed—Foreign to Human Nature . . 284-285
Son, Advice to a 285
Songs, National 286
Sorrow—Sacredness of—Mixed with every Joy—Of Heart greatest—Amongst Birds—And Joy 286-287
Sorrow's Friend 287
Sorrows, Value of 287
Soul, The—Health of the—How to preserve Health of—Luxuries of the—Immortality of the—Endurance of a Virtuous—The Power of the—Compared to a Clock 288-290
Souls 291
Speaking, Correct—Circumlocution in . 291-292
Speech—Discretion of 292
Speechifying 292
Spirit—Description of a 292
Spirits, An accomplishment of . . . 293
Spiritual Blessings 293
Spring—Descriptions of . . . 293-294
Stage, The Theatrical 294
Stars, The 294
State, Composition of the 295
Statesmanship 295
Stealth, Lawful 295
Stomach, The Blessing of a good . . . 296
Storm-fiend, The 296
Storm, Description of a 296
Students, Advice to 297
Studies 297

PAGE

Sublimity, Effect of 298
Submission 298
Success, The Actor's secret of . . . 298
Suffering 299
Summer, The Approach of 299
Sunset 301
Sunday, Description of a Wet . . . 301
Superstition 302
Surfeit 302
Suspicion 302
Sympathy 303

TAILORING 303
Talents, Three precious 303
Talkativeness 303
Talking 303
Taste—Advantages of a Cultivated—And Genius . 304
Taxes and Taxation 305
Tempest, Description of a 305
Temple of Nature, The 306
Temptation—The turning Point in—Resisting—And Ministration 306-307
Tempting and Yielding 308
Tenderness 308
Theatricals in England and China . . 308
Things Lost valued most 308
Thinking, How to acquire Habits of . . 309
Thought 309
Thoughts, Purity of 310
Time—Origin of—Mysteries of—Flight of—Redeeming—Improvement of—Misspent—Past cannot be Restored—None should be Wasted—Definition of a particular—Effect on Ruins—Destroying power of—Conquers all 310-314
Tongue should be Governed, How the—The most Flattering 315
Trade easily Learnt, A 315
Traitors 315
Treason, Definitions of 315
Trivialities 316
Truth, Definition of—The perception of—History of 316-317
Twilight 317
Theology, Genuine 318

PAGE

UNBELIEF, Strength and Weakness of . . 318
Uprightness 319

VALOUR—True—Seasons all Virtues . . 319
Vain-glory 320
Vanity 320
Vices 320
Virtue, Definitions of—Analysis of—Inspiration of—The Path of—Test of True—Endurance of—Immortality of 320-323
Visitors—Unwelcome 323

WANTS few, Man's 323
War an Infirmity 323
Watchfulness 324
Wealth in the Early Ages—In a Country . . 324
Wife, A Faithful 325
Will, Value of a Man's 325
Wind likened to Destiny 325
Wine 326
Wisdom—The Chief—Characteristic of—Highest Teaching—Value in Man—Endurance of—Viewing Mankind 326-327
Wish, A 328
Woes 328
Woman—Value of a Good—Man less Honourable than—No Trust to be placed in—Instability of—Falsity of—Man conceals the Virtues of—Source of the Virtues in 328-331
Women, Difference between . . . 332
Work—Necessity of—The Destiny of all—Productive of Health—Should be Leisurely not Lazily performed—No Man's—In Nature . . 332-333
World, Descriptions of the—A Perpetual Study—Creation an Argument against Atheism—Full of Joy—The Attractions of the—A Reason for the badness of the—The Unseen—And Man 334-337
Worship, Value of 337
Writing, Perfection of 337
Writing Books, Concerning 337

YEW Tree, Description of a 338
Youth—Death in 339

ZEAL of the Early Christians, The . . . 339

Wise Sayings of The Great and Good.

—o—

Accidents. Lucky and Unlucky

No accidents are so unlucky, but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice. *Maxims*, VIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ACQUAINTANCES. Youthful

I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

ACTION should attend upon Thought.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.

Macbeth, Act IV. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

ACTIONS. Origin of

Great actions, the lustre of which dazzles us, are represented by politicians as the effects of deep design; whereas they are commonly the effects of caprice and passion. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, supposed to be owing to their ambition to give a master to the world, arose probably from jealousy.

Maxims, X.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ACTIONS. Importance of a Man's

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an honest man's fortune.—JOHN FLETCHER.

ACTIONS the Result of Chance.

Men may boast of their great actions; but they are oftener the effect of chance than of design.

Maxims, XI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ACTIVITY and POWER. Difference between

There is a great distinction between power and activity of mind; and it is important to keep this differ-

ence in view. Power, strictly speaking, is the capability of thinking, feeling, or perceiving, however small in amount that capability may be; and in this sense it is synonymous with faculty: action is the exercise of power; while activity denotes the quickness, great or small, with which the action is performed, and also the degree of proneness to act. The distinction between power, action, and activity of the mental faculties, is widely recognized by describers of human nature.

System of Phrenology.—Dr. Thos. Brown.

ACTS. Good

Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight!

Night Thoughts, vi. Line 82.
Edward Young.

ADVANTAGE better than Rashness.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

King Henry V. Act iii. Scene vi.
Shakspere.

ADVERSITY. Parentage and Power of

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,

And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

Hymn to Adversity.—THOMAS GRAY.

ADVERSITY and PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many funereal airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

Essay on Adversity.—LORD BACON.

ADVICE. Insincerity in asking

Nothing is less sincere than our manner of asking and of giving advice. He who asks advice would seem to have a respectful deference for the opinion of his friend; whilst yet he only aims at getting his own approved of, and his friend responsible for his conduct. On the other hand, he who gives it, repays the confidence supposed to be placed in him, by a seemingly disinterested zeal, whilst he seldom means any thing by the advice he gives but his own interest or reputation.

Maxims, XIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AFFECTION of One preferred to the admiration of Many.

I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

To my Lyre: An Ode.—H. K. WHITE.

AFFLICTION. Mercy in

Alas! what were our hopes without our fears!
There is a mercy in affliction's smart—
It heals those wounds of sin which mock all human art.

Resignation.—Rev. H. CAUNTER.

AFFLICTION should be borne Patiently.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die.

King Lear, Act IV. Scene VI.—SHAKSPERE.

AFFLICTION. Sorts of

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy. Under the pretence of weeping for the loss of one who was dear to us, we weep for ourselves: we weep over the diminution of our fortune, of our pleasure, of our importance. Thus have the dead the honour of tears which stream only for the living. I call this a sort of hypocrisy, because we impose on ourselves. There is

another hypocrisy, which is less innocent, because it imposes on the world. This is the affliction of such as aspire to the glory of a great and immortal sorrow: when time, which consumes all things, has worn out the grief which they really had, they still persist in their tears, lamentations, and sighs. They assume a mournful behaviour; and labour, by all their actions, to demonstrate that their affliction will not in the least abate till death. This disagreeable, this troublesome vanity, is common among ambitious women. As the sex bars all the paths to glory, they endeavour to render themselves celebrated by the ostentation of an inconsolable affliction. There is yet another species of tears, whose shallow springs easily overflow, and as easily dry away: we weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender; we weep, in order to be pitied; we weep, that we may be wept over; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

Maxims, XXV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AGE, in Olden Times. Reverence paid to

Age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life. So much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.

Every Man in his Humour, Act II. Scene V.
BEN JONSON.

AGE. Old

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Maxims, CCCXX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AGE. Weakness of Old

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

Essay on Youth and Age.—LORD BACON.

AGE. Youthfulness in

Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green!
Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.

Night Thoughts, v. Line 633.
EDWARD YOUNG.

AMBITION knows no Limit.

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!

Macbeth, Act II. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

AMBITION. Absurdity of

Other ambition Nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;

Milk, and a swathe, at first his whole demand ;
His whole domain, at last, a turf or stone ;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Night Thoughts, VI. Line 341.
EDWARD YOUNG.

AMBITION. Test of

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

Maxims, XXXIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AMBITION. Folly of

There shall they rot—Ambition's honour'd fools!
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what!—a dream alone.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I. Verse xlii.
LORD BYRON.

AMBITION and LOVE.

We pass often from love to ambition: but we seldom return from ambition to love.

Maxims, XXXVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AMBITION and MODERATION.

Moderation must not claim the merit of combating and conquering ambition; for they can never exist in the same subject. Moderation is the languor and sloth of the soul; ambition its activity and ardour.

Maxims, XXXVI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AMBITION and CHOLER.

Ambition is like choler, which is a humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped; but if it be stopped, and cannot have its way, it becometh fiery, and thereby malign and venomous.

Essay on Ambition.—LORD BACON.

ANGELS. Ministration of

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant
Against fowle fiends to aid us militant.
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

The Ministry of Angels.—EDMUND SPENSER.

ANGLING.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act III. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

ANGUISH and DISCONTENT.

Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky,—
A melancholy train.

Genius: An Ode.—H. K. WHITE.

ANIMALS. Against Cruelty to

Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.

The Fawn.—ANDREW MARVEL.

ANTICIPATION and REALISATION.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
These are thy fruits, successful passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,

Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when love itself forgets to please.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II. Verse XXXV.
LORD BYRON.

APPEARANCE. Affectation of

In every profession, every individual affects to appear what he would willingly be esteemed; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

Maxims, XI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

APPEARANCES. Against judging by

A civil habit
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any fill of mankind.

The Beggar's Bush, Act II. Scene III.
JOHN FLETCHER.

APPLICATION. Triumph of

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

Maxims, XXXIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

APTNESS.

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity!
Look, what will serve is fit.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act I. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

ASS. The

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.

To a Young Ass.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ASTROLOGY. Falsehood of

Hereafter I will admire God more, and fear astrologers less; not affrighted with their doleful predictions of dearth and drought, collected from the complexions of the planets. Must the earth of necessity be sad, because some ill-natured star is sullen? As if the grass could not grow without asking it leave. Whereas God's power, which made herbs before the stars, can preserve them without their propitious, yea, against their malignant aspects.

Scripture Observations, XVIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

ATHEISM rebuked.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall:

Through every scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
Mankind's peculiar! Reason's precious dow'r!
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in every field,
On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang:
Their ill no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Night Thoughts, VII. Line 290.—EDWARD YOUNG.

ATHEISTS.

The great atheists indeed are hypocrites, who are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end.

Essay on Atheism.—LORD BACON.

AVARICE.

Misers mistake gold for their good; whereas it is only a mean of attaining it.

Maxims, XLI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

AVARICE springs from Covetousness.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Thoughts on various subjects.—ALEXANDER POPE.

AVARICE. Imperfection of

Extreme avarice almost always makes mistakes. There is no passion that oftener misses its aim; nor on which the present has so much influence, in prejudice of the future.

Maxims, XLIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Beauty. Power of

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

BEAUTY, like Summer Fruit.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

Essay on Beauty.—LORD BACON.

BEAUTIFUL and USEFUL. The

The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it. *Wilhelm Meister.*—GOETHE.

BENEFITS and INJURIES.

Men are not only apt to forget benefits and injuries, but even to hate those who have obliged them, and to cease to hate those who have injured them. The very attention to requite kindnesses, and revenge wrongs, seems to be an insupportable burden.

Maxims, XLVI.—ROCHEFOUCALT.

BIRTH and BURYING.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

Night Thoughts, v. Line 719.—EDWARD YOUNG.

BLESSINGS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Hamlet, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKESPERE.

BLESSINGS should be used.

Blessings unused, pervert into a waste
As well as surfeits.

Emblems, Book I. i.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

BLOCKHEADS.

Your blockhead is the only person that can never be improved, whether it be self-conceit, stupidity, or hypochondria, that makes him unpliant and unguidable.

Wilhelm Meister.—GOETHE.

BLUSTERER. A

Besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Twelfth-Night, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

BOLDNESS.

Boldness is ever blind; therefore it is ill in counsel, but good in execution. For in counsel it is good to see dangers, and in execution not to see them, except they be very great.

Essay on Boldness.—LORD BACON.

BOOKS.

The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with which, precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splendour of which, the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste. The value of wisdom decreaseth

not with time; it hath an ever flourishing virtue that cleanseth its possession from every venom.

Philobiblon: A treatise on the Love of Books.
RICHARD DE BURY.

BOOKS. Multiplication of

Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inserted a single quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varso's own words, that he himself composed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca assures us that Didymus the grammarian wrote no less than four thousand; but Origen, it seems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to six thousand treatises. It is obvious to imagine with what sort of materials the productions of such expeditious workmen were wrought up: sound thought and well-matured reflections could have no share, we may be sure, in these hasty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilst authors are scarce; and so much easier is it to write than to think!

Letters on Thinking.—WM. MELMOTH.

BORROWING and SURETY. Concerning

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay. But, if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour, or a friend, but

of a stranger, where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money, be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse.

Precepts or directions for the well ordering and carriage of a man's life.—LORD BURLEIGH.

BOWER in Eden. Description of a

The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man.

Paradise Lost, Book IV. Line 692
JOHN MILTON.

BRAVE. Death of the

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Ode written in the year 1746.
WM. COLLINS.

BREAD. The Sourest

Upon the question, what is the worst bread which is eaten? One answered, in respect of the coarseness thereof, Bread made of beans. Another said, Bread made of acorns. But the third hit the truth, and said, Bread taken out of other men's mouths, who are the true proprietors thereof. Such bread may be sweet in the mouth to taste, but is not wholesome in the stomach to digest.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XIII.
THOS FULLER.

BREEDING. Marks of Good

Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience

are between kings and subjects ; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it.

Letters to his Son, by the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

BRITAIN.

I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it :
In a great pool, a swan's nest.

Cymbeline, Act III. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

BRITONS.

Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Cymbeline, Act II. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

BROTHERS. All Men are
Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life,
All tongues, all colours : neither after death
Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,

Northmen, and offspring of hot Africa:
The all-seeing Father—He in whom we live and move,—
He the impartial Judge of all,—regards
Nations and hues, and dialects alike.
According to their works shall they be judged,
When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs.

All Men Brethren.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BUSINESS.

The rust of business is sometimes polished off in a camp, but never in a court.

Maxims, XLVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

BUSYBODIES. Censorious people are like

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own runs to ruin. *Thoughts on various subjects.*—ALEXANDER POPE.

BUSYBODY. The

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Hol-

land will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him, ere it be concluded. He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, "It was pity he died no sooner."

Characters.—BISHOP HALL.

Calumny. Influence of

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself.

Winter's Tale, Act. II. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

CALUMNY slanders all.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Measure for Measure, Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

CARE. Value of

Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd;
He that hath none must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Night Thoughts, II. Line 160.—EDWARD YOUNG.

CARE. Man's first

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

The Spectator No. 122.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

CATECHISING.

O for the ancient and primitive ordinance of catechising; every youth can preach, but he must be a man indeed who can profitably catechise.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XLIX.
THOMAS FULLER.

CATHEDRAL. Impressiveness of an Old

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double charm;
In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!
There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,
And creeping avarice come with open hand;
The gay can weep, the impious can adore,
From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor,

Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the irised panes.

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

CAUTION.

When men come with nets in their ears it is good for the preacher to have neither fish nor fowl in his tongue. But blessed be God, now we need not lie at so close a guard.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XL.
THOMAS FULLER.

CELERITY.

The Negligent admire
Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III. Scene VII.
SHAKSPERE.

CENSURE.

Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.

Night Thoughts, I. Line 313.—EDWARD YOUNG.

CHANCE.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Times go by Turns.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

CHARITY.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

Essay on the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.
CHARLES LAMB.

CHARITY and FRIENDSHIP.

Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass; but Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills.

Sermon on Charity, by JEREMY TAYLOR.

CHARITY and LOVE.

Charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew.

The Passions.—WM. COLLINS.

CHILD. A

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

A Sleeping Child.—JOHN WILSON.

CHILD, Epitome of the Father. A

Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger

A Winter's Tale, Act II. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

CHILDHOOD.

Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.

Childhood.—H. K. WHITE.

CHILDHOOD. Innocence of

What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!

A Sleeping Child.—JOHN WILSON.

CHILDHOOD. Purity of

A child is man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam, before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith, at length, it becomes a blurred note book. He is purely

happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. The older he grows, he is a stair lower from God. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

Microcosmography, 1642.—BISHOP EARLE.

CHILDREN.

'Tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

CHILDREN. Joy and Sorrow of

Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

Essay on Parents and Children.—LORD BACON.

CHILDREN. Rules for the Education of

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, other-

wise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps; for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism.

Precepts or directions for the well ordering and carriage of a man's life.—LORD BURLEIGH.

CHILDREN. Training of

Above all things endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behaviour; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.

Letter to his Wife and Children.—WILLIAM PENN.

CHILDREN. Treatment of

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses, in the universe.

Letter to his Aunt, by H. K. WHITE.

CHILDREN in Olden Time. Treatment of

History can tell of early ages dim,
When man's chief glory was in strength of limb;
Then the best patriot gave the hardest knocks,
The height of virtue was to fell an ox;
Ill fared the babe of questionable mould,
Whom its stern father happened to behold;
In vain the mother with her ample vest
Hid the poor nursling on her throbbing breast;
No tears could save him from the kitten's fate,
To live an insult to the warlike state.

Astræa.—O. W. HOLMES.

CHURCHYARD. A New

I give five hundred pounds to buy a churchyard,
A spacious churchyard, to lie thieves and knaves in:
Rich men and honest men take all the room up.

The Spanish Curate, Act IV. Scene V.
JOHN FLETCHER.

CIVILITY. Proof of

Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.

Maxims, XLIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CLERGYMAN. Characteristics of a Good

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

King Henry VIII. Act V. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

CLOTHES. History and Worth of

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus his kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers. His breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece; there went but a pair of shears between them.

The Gull's Hornbook.—THOMAS DEKKER.

COMET. The

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven.

O! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,

And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam bells on a tranquil sea.

The Comet of 1811.—JAMES HOGG.

COMET. Travels of a

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
The illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations from his fiery train.
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumbered worlds,
Of more than solar glory: doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.

Night Thoughts, IV. Line 708.—EDWARD YOUNG.

COMMON SENSE.

Common sense has given to words their ordinary signification, and common sense is the genius of mankind. The ordinary signification of a word is formed step by step in connection with facts; as a fact occurs, which appears to come within the sense of a known term, it is received as such, so to speak, naturally; the sense of the term becomes enlarged and extended, and by degrees the different facts, and different ideas which in virtue of the nature of the things themselves, men ought to class under this word, become in fact so classed.

Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe.
GUIZOT.

COMPANY. The Best

"I am in fine company," said the baron.

"In the very best of company," said the friar; "in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians.

Maid Marian.—J. L. PEACOCK.

COMPETENCY and CONTENT.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease:
Sick, or encumber'd is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.

Night Thoughts, VI. Line 506.—EDWARD YOUNG.

CONCEITS. Dangerous

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

Othello, Act III. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

CONFESSION and SHRIFT.

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

CONGREGATIONS. Afternoon

Afternoon congregations may usually be divided into two classes ; those who are asleep, and those who are going to sleep.

Conversational Remarks of Rev. ROBERT HALL.

CONSCIENCE. Recording power of

Men conceive they can manage their sins with secrecy ; but they carry about them a letter, or book rather, written by God's finger, their conscience bearing witness to all their actions. But sinners being often detected and accused, hereby grow wary at last, and to prevent this speaking paper from telling any tales, do smother, stifle, and suppress it when they go about the committing of any wickedness. Yet conscience (though buried for a time in silence), hath a resurrection, and discovers all to their greater shame and heavier punishment. *Historical Applications*, XIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONSCIENCE. A Wounded

To fear a wounded conscience is in part to feel it antedating one's misery, and tormenting himself before the time, seeking for that he would loathe to find ; like

the wicked in the gospel, of whom it is said, "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and looking for those things which are coming."

Cause and Cure of a wounded Conscience.
Dialogue II.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONSCIENCE and WEALTH.

Conscience
And wealth are not always neighbours.

The City Madam, Act V. Scene V.
PHILIP MASSENGER.

CONSCIENCE. An Evil-stained

I'll not meddle with it (it is a dangerous thing), it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

King Richard III. Act I. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

CONSCIENCE. A Sore

A wounded conscience is able to unparadise paradise itself.

Cause and Cure of a wounded Conscience.
Dialogue IV.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONSCIENCE. Cure of an Evil

I remember a passage in St. Augustine, who enquired what might be the cause that the fall of the angels is not plainly set down in the Old Testament, with the manner and circumstances thereof, resolves itself thus: God, like a wise surgeon, would not open that wound which he never intended to cure, of whose words thus far I make use, that as it was not according to God's power to restore the devils, so, it being above man's power to cure a wounded conscience in the wicked, I will not meddle with that which I cannot mend, only will insist on a wounded conscience in God's children, where, by God's blessing, one may be the instrument to give some ease and remedy unto the disease.

Cause and Cure of a wounded Conscience.
Dialogue I.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONSCIENCE cured by Repentance. An Evil

A wounded conscience is often inflicted as a punishment for lack of true repentance; great is the difference betwixt a man's being frightened at and humbled for his sins.

Cause and Cure of a wounded Conscience.
Dialogue VI.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONTEMPLATION. A Fireside

Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,
And from its station wheel the easy chair.
Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
To hear, without, the bitter tempest beat:

All, all alone—to sit, and muse, and sigh,
The pensive tenant of obscurity.

Fragment.—H. K. WHITE.

CONTEMPT.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt. *Maxims*, LXIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CONTENT. Real

A heart with little pleased—with little bless'd.

Childhood. Part II.—H. K. WHITE.

CONTENT. Sweetness of

Our content
Is our best having.

King Henry VIII. Act II. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

CONTENT. Power of

Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed;
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

Clifton Grove.—H. K. WHITE.

CONTENT with our Circumstances.

Give me to be pleased in myself, and thankful to thee for what I am, though I be not equal to others in personal perfections. For such peculiar privileges are courtesies from thee when given, and no injuries to us when denied.

Scripture Observations, XI.—THOMAS FULLER.

CONTENT may dwell with Poverty.

So in lone poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

Lines on hearing a Thrush sing in January.—ROBERT BURNS.

CONTENT. Careless

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

Careless Content.—JOHN BYROM.

CONTENTMENT with Lot.

I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others.

Anatomy of Melancholy.—ROBERT BURTON.

CONTENTMENT with Circumstances.

Endeavour always to be content in that estate of life which it hath pleased God to call you to, and think it a great fault not to employ your time either for the

good of your soul, or improvement of your understanding, health, or estate; and as these are the most pleasant pastimes, so it will make you a cheerful old age, which is as necessary for you to design, as to make provision to support the infirmities which decay of strength brings: and it was never seen that a vicious youth terminated in a contented, cheerful old age, but perished out of countenance.

Memoir, by LADY FANSHAWE.

CONTENTMENT of Mind.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

A Hymn to Contentment.—THOMAS PARNELL.

CONVERSATION.

In conversation confidence has a greater share than wit.

Maxims, LIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CONVERSATION. Concerning

If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality,

to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing.

Letters to his Son, by the EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

CONVERSATION. On Agreeableness in

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce anybody who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness think they do enough if they only seem to be attentive; at the same time, their eyes and their minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that, to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.

Maxims, LXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CONVERSATION. Advantages of

Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction.

Letter on Conversation.—WM. MELMOTH.

CONVERSE and SOLITUDE.

'T is converse qualifies for solitude
As exercise for salutary rest;
By that untutor'd, contemplation raves,
And nature's fool by wisdom's is outdone.

Night Thoughts II. Line 494.—EDWARD YOUNG.

CO-OPERATION. Advantages of

All improvements in the productive powers of labour, including division of employments, depend upon co-operation. Co-operation appears to be of two distinct kinds: first, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in the same employment; secondly, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in different employments. These may be termed simple co-operation and complex co-operation. It will be seen presently, that, until men help each other in simple operations, they cannot well help each other in operations which consist of several parts.

Note to Wealth of Nations.—E. G. WAKEFIELD.

COQUETRY.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette. *Maxims*, LXX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

COUNSEL.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust

of giving counsel; for in other confidences men commit the parts of life, their lands, their goods, their children, their credit, some particular affair; but to such as they make their counsellors they commit the whole; by how much the more they are obliged to all faith and integrity.

Essay on Counsel.—LORD BACON.

COUNTRY. Love of

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life.

Coriolanus, Act III. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

COUNTRY. Love of Native

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look:
Yea, though the valley which we loved be swept
Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
Not even the poor blind man who sought his bread
From door to door, still, still there is a want;
Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
No dawn has ever spread, whose native vale
Presented to his closed eyes a blank,—
Deplores its distance now.

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

COURAGE.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger. *Maxims*, CCCCXXXIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

COURTIER. Recommendations for a

'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me for anything; for being an excellent farrier, for playing well at span-counter, or sticking knives in walls; for being impudent, or for nothing; why may I not be a favourite on the sudden? I see nothing against it.

The Woman-Hater, Act I. Scene III.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

COURTIER. Proof of a good

I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

As You Like It, Act V. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

COURTIER. A cupboard

This man loves to eat good meat; always provided he do not pay for it himself. He goes by the name of the Hungry Courtier.

The Woman-Hater, Act I. Scene III.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

COWARD. A blustering

Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you

His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have saved the rest of his face. He is, sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To the ruin of bastinadoes.—I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish top,
And make him dance before you.

Thierry and Theodoret, Act II.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

COWARDS are Bred. How

Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.

Cymbeline, Act III. Scene VI.—SHAKSPERE.

CREDITORS and DEBTORS.

Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times. *The Way to Wealth.*—DR. FRANKLIN.

CRIMES.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves. *Maxims*, LXXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CUNNING.

But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act IV. Scene VII.—SHAKSPERE.

CUNNING, The Greatest

The greatest of all cunning is, to seem blind to the snares laid for us; men are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavouring to deceive others.

Maxims, LXXVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

CURIOSITY. Vain

It is an evil incident to man,
And of the worst that, unexplored, he leaves
Truths useful and attainable with ease,
To search forbidden deeps, where mystery lies
Not to be solved, and useless if it might.
Mysteries are food for angels; they digest
With ease, and find them nutriment; but man,
While yet he dwells below, must stoop to glean
His manna from the ground, or starve and die.

Vain Curiosity.—WM. COWPER.

Daisy. The

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The Daisy.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;

For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Address to a Daisy.—ROBERT BURNS.

DANGERS.

Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them: nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep.

Essay on Delays.—LORD BACON.

DARING.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Scene II.
SHAKSPERE.

DAY. Importance of a Single

Every day is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mis-spend it, desperate.

Letter to Lord Denny.—BISHOP HALL.

DAY BY DAY REVELATIONS.

There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 78.—EDWARD YOUNG.

DAY and NIGHT.

By day the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Imposed, precarious, broken ere mature.
By night, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confined,
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
By voyagers drop anchor for repose.

Night Thoughts, V. Line 115.—EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH? What is

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
No where at all, save heaven and the grave.

What is Life?—JOHN CLARE.

DEATH.

Death openeth the gate to good fame, and extinguisheth envy. *Essay on Death.*—LORD BACON.

DEATH. The Portrait of

Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death and his image rising in the brain
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the formidable picture draw.

Night Thoughts, VI. Line 52.—EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH. A Child's idea of

I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die; and he died smiling. Sure,
There's no great pain in't.

Bonduca, Act IV. Scene II.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

DEATH. Anticipation of

What art thou, Death! by mankind poorly feared,
Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore
Trembling they stand, and see through dreaded mists
The eternal port, irresolute to leave

This various misery, these air-fed dreams,
Which men call life and fame.

Poem to the memory of Mr. Congreve.—JAMES THOMSON.

DEATH. Happiness of

'T is of all sleeps the sweetest;
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompense this place; and mad that stay it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten honours
Bring them dispersed to the earth.

Thierry and Theodoret, Act IV.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

DEATH. Joy in

Kings and mightiest potentates must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

King Henry VI. Part I. Act III. Scene II.
SHAKSPERE.

DEATH. The Mystery of

The Gods conceal from men the happiness of death, that they may endure life. *Essay on Death.*—LUCAN.

DEATH. Beauty in

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit! hence—depart!

And is *this* death? dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!

To a dying Infant.—DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

DEATH. Repose in

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

DEATH. The Fear and Joy of

Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys are in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.
WM. MITFORD.

DEATH unconquerable.

The work is done,
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. *Bonduca*, Act IV. Scene III.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

DEATH. Victory of

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.
Death's Final Conquest.—JAMES SHIRLEY.

DEATH inevitable.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
A Night-piece on Death.—THOMAS PARNELL.

DEATH. Universal reign of

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death.—Mrs. HEMANS.

DEATH. Life through

Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die that we may die no more.

The uses of Adversity.—HERMAN HOOKER.

DEATH-BED. The Scrutiny of the

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

The death of a good man an incentive to virtue.
EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH. Natural Fear of

As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again:
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am asham'd to be a stranger there.

Tyrannic Love.—JOHN DRYDEN.

DEATH—To whom gracious.

Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burthened with grief and irons; to

the poor Christian, that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings; to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirits mutiny: unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest. These wait upon the shore of death, and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place; wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour. *Essay on Death.*—LORD BACON.

DEATH. How to meet

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Measure for Measure, Act III. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

I consent with Cæsar, that the suddenest passage is easiest, and there is nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the quieted conscience, strengthened with opinion, that we shall be well spoken of upon earth by those that are just, and of the family of virtue; the opposite whereof is a fury to man, and makes even life unsweet. *Essay on Death.*—LORD BACON.

DEATH. Best Proof against

No better armour against the darts of death than to be busied in God's service.

Scripture Observations, X.—THOMAS FULLER

DEATH-CHAMBER. Sacredness of the

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.

The death of a good man an incentive to virtue.
EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH-BED of the Just.

Man's highest triumph, man's profoundest fall,
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honour and of joy.

Night Thoughts, II. Line 616.—EDWARD YOUNG.

DEATH a Friend.

Death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.

Essay on Death.—LORD BACON.

DEATH and LIFE.

Death but entombs the body, life the soul.

Night Thoughts, III. Line 457.—EDWARD YOUNG.

The air consumes itself in the last love-sigh it gave;
To God's breath then transformed, it wakes life from the grave.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

DEATH and LIFE.

Death doth lurk always in life's delicious cup,
The mulberry-leaf must bear the biting of a worm,
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

DECEIT. Difficulty of practising

Were we to take as much pains to *be* what we ought, as we do to disguise what we *are*, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all. *Maxims*, CI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

DEER. Description of a wild

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what has the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee,
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—

A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.

Address to a wild Deer.—JOHN WILSON.

DELAY.

Defer no time: Delays have dangerous ends.

King Henry VI. Part I. Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

DELICACIES not in Nature.

Our delicacies are fantastic: they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe. *The Man of Feeling.*—HENRY MACKENZIE.

DELIGHTS.

The little bee to fight doth like a champion spur,
Because, not for herself, she feels her tribe in her;
Because so sweet her work, so sharp must be her sting;
The earth hath no delight unscourged of suffering.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

DESIRE. Evil

Who is thy deadliest foe?—An evil heart's desire,
Which hates thee still the worse, as thy weak love mounts higher.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

DESIRE. How to conquer

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.

Maxims, XCVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

DESIRES never realised.

It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse.

Anatomy of Melancholy.—ROBERT BURTON.

DESTINY.

Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved. *Othello*, Act II. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

DETERMINATION. Illustration of a fixed

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Coriolanus, Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

DEVOTION. Pure

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the rays through blazing oriels pour
On marble shaft and tessellated floor;—
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

A Metrical Essay, Part III.—O. W. HOLMES.

DIET. A Miser's

At home he lived
Like a cameleon; suck'd the air of misery;
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.

The Spanish Curate, Act IV. Scene V.
JOHN FLETCHER.

DIFFICULTIES.

Thus it has been the glory of the great masters in all the arts to confront and to overcome; and when they had overcome the first difficulty, to turn it into an instrument for new conquests over new difficulties; thus to enable them to extend the empire of science, and even to push forward beyond the reach of their original thoughts the landmarks of the human understanding itself. Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.

Reflections on the Revolution in France.
EDMUND BURKE.

DISEASES.

Often have I thought with myself what disease I would be best contented to die of. None please me. The stone, the colic, terrible as expected, intolerable when felt. The palsy is death before death. The consumption, a flattering disease, cozening men into hope of long life at the last gasp. Some sicknesses besot, others enrage men, some are too swift, and others are too slow.

Good thoughts in Worse Times, I.
THOMAS FULLER.

DISHONESTY. Double

Dishonest men conceal their faults from themselves as well as others: honest men know, and confess them.

Maxims, CXXXII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

DISTANCE. Enchantment of

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

The Pleasures of Hope, Part I. Line 5.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

DOG. A Master's Devotion to his

I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Scene IV.
SHAKSPERE.

DRESS. On

I leave the broadcloth,—coats and all the rest,
The dangerous waistcoat, called by cockneys "vest."
The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents;"
One single precept might the whole condense:
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

DRESS. Description of a Lady's

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entanglëd in her hair.

Christabel.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DRINKING. A Drunkard's Proposal respecting

Let's never leave off now,
Whilst we have wine and throats!

* * * * * *

Let's end it all! dispatch that, we'll send abroad,
And purchase all the wine the world can yield,
And drink it off; then take the fruits o' the earth,

Distil the juice from them, and drink that off;
We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow;
We'll set our mouths to springs, and drink them off;
And all this while we'll never think of those
That love us best, more than we did last night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink: but, when we see them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too.
We'll never leave whilst there is heat or moisture
In this large globe, but suck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.

The Coxcomb, Act II.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

DRUM. Description of a

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

Ode on hearing the Drum.—JOHN SCOTT.

DYING.

What is't to die?
To leave all disappointment, cares, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest for ever! O, dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain.

The Spanish Student, Act III. Scene V.—LONGFELLOW.

Ease.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

Maxims, CVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ECHO.

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent;
Like her ordinary cry,
Like—but oh how different!

The Echo.—WM. WORDSWORTH.

ECONOMY in Household Matters.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better

commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman, who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow. *Precepts or directions for the well ordering and carriage of a man's life*—LORD BURLEIGH.

EDEN. Description of the Garden of

A circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
Of which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair; now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils: as when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-west winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Paradise Lost, Book IV. Line 146.—JOHN MILTON.

EDUCATION. A Complete

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. *Tractate of Education.*—JOHN MILTON.

EDUCATION. The Best

That call not education, which decries
God and his truth, content the seed to strew
Of moral maxims, and the mind imbue
With elements which form the worldly wise.
So call the training, which can duly prize
Such lighter lore, but chiefly holds to view
What God requires us to believe and do,
And notes man's end, and shapes him for the skies.

On Education.—BISHOP MANT.

EDUCATION of Children.

For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for

by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too.

Letter to his Wife and Children.—Wm. Penn.

EDUCATION of the Poor.

O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!

Education of the Poor, the duty of the State.
Wm. Wordsworth.

EFFORT.

Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious laurel spreads
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 789.—EDWARD YOUNG.

EMBROIDERY.

Sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn.

Philaster, Act V.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

EMPLOYMENT. Suitable

We may appear great in an employment below our merit; but we often appear little in one that is too high for us.

Maxims, CXII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EMULATION and ENVY defined.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

Treatise on Human Nature.—THOMAS HOBBES.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

And all may do what has by man been done.

Night Thoughts, VI. Line 606.—EDWARD YOUNG.

ENDURANCE.

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

The Happy Man.—WM. COWPER.

ENGLAND. The Homes of

The free fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God.

The Homes of England.—Mrs. HEMANS.

ENGLISHMEN.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

King Henry VI. Part I. Act I. Scene II.
SHAKSPERE.

ENGLISHMEN.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was in fact a sort of jack of all trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, and excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as times go. *The History of John Bull and Brother.* JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS. Description of

The men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. *King Henry V.* Act III. Scene VII. SHAKSPERE.

ENNUI. A Cure for

Now am I idle; I would I had been a scholar, that I might have studied now! the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do. I must take some of the common courses of our nobility, which is thus; if I can find no company that

likes me, pluck off my hat-band, throw an old cloak over my face, and, as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then "There goes Count Such-a-one," says one; "There goes Count Such-a-one," says another; "Look how fast he goes," says a third; "There's some great matters in hand questionless," says a fourth; when all my business is to have them say so. This hath been used. Or, if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the stage to see a play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmur in the house; every one that does not know, cries, "What nobleman is that?" all the gallants on the stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places; then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor gentleman imagines himself most highly graced; thinks all the auditors esteem him one of my bosom friends, and in right special regard with me.

The Woman Hater, Act I. Scene III.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

ENVY.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

Essay on Envy.—LORD BACON.

ERROR. Prevalence of

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find
A heart wherein no error grows.

The Wife, Act IV. Scene II.—J. S. KNOWLES.

ERROR no Disgrace. To confess an

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Thoughts on various subjects.—ALEXANDER POPE.

ERRORS. Vulgar

That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive, and before meat than after; that Jews stink; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the flood; that John the Baptist should not die.

Treatise on Vulgar Errors.—Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

EVENING.

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearth-stones cling,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Don Juan, Canto III.—LORD BYRON.

EVENING in Summer.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

A Summer Evening.—ISAAC WATTS.

EVENING. Approach of

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapours arose; and sky, and water, and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Evangeline, Part II.—LONGFELLOW.

EVENING. Stillness of

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return!

Evening.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

EVENING. Solemness of

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.
THOMAS GRAY.

EVENING wooed by Thetis.

Sink, shining god—tired nature halts; and parch'd
Earth needs the dews; adown the welkin arch'd
Falter thy languid steeds;—
Sink in thy ocean halls!
Who beckons from the crystal waves unto thee?
Knows not thy heart the smiles of love that woo thee?
Quicken the homeward steeds!
The silver Thetis calls! *Evening.*—SCHILLER.

EVENING melting into Night.

Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun.
The Seasons—Summer.—JAMES THOMSON.

EVIL. Greatness in

Great ill is an achievement of great powers:
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Night Thoughts, VI. Line 277.—EDWARD YOUNG.

EVIL with GOOD. Wrestling of

Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire;
Oh, never learn another! in my breast,
Alas! two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely, with scarce separable organs:
The other struggles to redeem itself,

And rise from the entanglements of earth—
Still feels its true home is not here—still longs
And strives—and would with violence regain
The fields, its own by birthright—realms of light
And joy, where—man in vain would disbelieve
The instincts of his nature, that confirm
The loved tradition—dwelt our sires of old.

Faustus.—GOETHE.

EVIL-SPEAKING a Sign of Bad Manners.

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language. *Table Talk.*—JOHN SELDEN.

EVILS that are Past should not be Mourned.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Othello, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

EXAMPLE. The Power of

Examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,

Must not be play'd withal; nor out of pity
Make [such] a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Bonduca, Act IV. Scene III.
BEAUMOUT and FLETCHER.

EXAMPLE. Effect of

The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Journey to the Western Isles.
Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EXECUTIONS. Concerning

The land is groaning 'neath the guilt of blood
Spilt wantonly: for every death-doomed man,
Who, in his boyhood, has been left untaught
That "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace," unjustly dies.

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

EXPENSE.

Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions; therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion.

Essay on Expense.—LORD BACON.

EXPERIENCE.

The bird that hath been limed in a bush:
With trembling limbs misdoubteth every bush.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act V. Scene VI.
SHAKSPERE.

EYES. Watchfulness over

Our eyes when gazing on sinful objects, are out of their calling and God's keeping.

Scripture Observations, XI.—THOMAS FULLER.

FACE not Deceptive. The

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Scene VI.—SHAKSPERE.

FACE an Imperfect Index of Thought. The

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within, within—'twas there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the governed aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.

The Corsair, Canto I. Verse X.—LORD BYRON.

FACT. Definition of a

Goodman Fact is allowed by everybody to be a plain spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters nobody. Yet so great

is his natural eloquence that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard.

The Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff.—ADDISON.

FADING AWAY.

He is gone, and we are going all;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall.

The Parish Register, Part III.—G. CRABBE.

FAIRYLAND.

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.

Bonny Kilmeny (The Queen's Wake).—JAMES HOGG.

FAIRY LANDSCAPE. A

What place is here!
What scenes appear
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,

Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise,
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

Rosamond, Act I. Scene I.—ADDISON.

FAITH.

Thou must believe and thou must venture,
In fearless faith thy safety dwells·
By miracles alone men enter
The glorious Land of Miracles!

The Longing.—SCHILLER.

FAITH. Joys of
The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith,
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, the sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

Fragments.—H. K. WHITE.

FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE.

There came from heaven a flying turtle-dove,
And brought a leaf of clover from above;
He dropped it,—and, O happy they that find!
The triple flower is Faith and Hope and Love.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

FALSEHOOD and TRUTH.

Cheaters must get some credit before they can cozen, and all falsehood, if not founded in some truth, would not be fixed in any belief.

Scripture Observations, VII.—THOMAS FULLER.

FAME.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

Night Thoughts, VII. Line 365.—EDWARD YOUNG.

Fame is like a river, that beareth up things light and swollen, and drowns things weighty and solid; but if persons of quality and judgment concur, then it filleth all round about, and will not easily away; for the odours of ointments are more durable than those of flowers.

Essay on Praise.—LORD BACON.

FAME. Definition of

Fondness of fame is avarice of air.

Night Thoughts, v. Line 2.—EDWARD YOUNG.

FAME'S TRUMPET.

Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell
It brings bad tidings! how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 106.—EDWARD YOUNG.

FAMILY. How to train a

One asked a mother who had brought up many children to a marriageable age, what arts she used to breed up so numerous an issue: "None other," said she, "save only, I always made the most of the youngest." Let the Benjamins ever be darlings, and the last born, whose eyes were newest opened with the sight of their errors, be treated with the greatest affection.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXIII.
THOMAS FULLER.

FAMILIES. Mutability of

There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks.

Urn Burial.—Sir T. BROWNE.

FASHION.

There are people, who, like new songs, are in vogue only for a time. *Maxims*, CCCCLIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Fashion, though Folly's child and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to Wisdom's seat she goes,
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.

The Library.—G. CRABBE.

FASHION in the last Century. Life of a Lady of

I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously

set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins?

The Provoked Wife, Act IV. Scene III.
SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

FASHION-MONGERS. Tiresomeness of

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

FATALISM.

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macbeth, Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

FATALISM. Absurdity of

It is beneath the dignity of a soul, that has but a grain of sense, to make chance, and winds, and waves, the arbitrary disposers of his happiness; or, what is worse, to depend upon some mushroom upstart, which a chance

smile raised out of his turf and rottenness, to a condition of which his mean soul is so unequal, that he himself fears and wonders at his own height.

Inquiry after Happiness.—Rev. RICHARD LUCAS, D.D.

FATHERSHIP.

A father's heart
Is tender, though the man's is made of stone.

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 241.—EDWARD YOUNG.

FAULTS. Small

We confess small faults, in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

Maxims, CXXVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FEAR.

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start: like thee disorder'd fly.

Odes. To Fear.—WM. COLLINS.

FEARS.

Fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thierry and Theodoret, Act IV.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

FIRST LOVE. Endurance of the

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;

As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

First Love's Recollections.—JOHN CLARE.

FLATTERER. A

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Much ado about Nothing, Act I. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

FLATTERY. Love of

We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves. *Maxims*, CXLIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FLATTERY the handmaid of Sin

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.

Pericles, Act I. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

FLIGHT of SOLDIERS in a Battle.

Not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,

E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bonduca, Act I. Scene I.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

FLOWERS.

The flowers all tell to thee a sacred, mystic story,
How moistened earthy dust can wear celestial glory.
On thousand stems is found the love-inscription graven:
"How beautiful is earth, when it can image heaven!"

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

FLOWERS. Beauty of Field

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Field Flowers.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

FOOLERY.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun: it shines every where.

Twelfth-Night, Act III. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE

FOOLS.

A fool has not stuff enough to make a good man.

Maxims, CXCVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FOOLS. Old

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

Maxims, CLII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FORETHOUGHT.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up), should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

King Henry IV. Part II. Act I. Scene III.
SHAKSPERE.

FORTUNE.

Dame Fortune, like most others of the female sex, is generally most indulgent to the nimble-mettled blockheads; men of wit are not for her turn; ever too thoughtful when they should be active.

The Cheats of Scapin, Act III. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

FORTUNE? What is

What dost thou mean by fortune? If mere chance, then to envy the lot of others, or murmur at thy own is folly; if providence, then it is impiety; for whatever goodness, guided by unerring wisdom, doth, must be so well done that it cannot be mended; and whatever is merely in the power of a blind, giddy, and inconstant humour (which is the notion by which men choose to express fortune), can neither be prevented, fixed, or regulated.

Inquiry after Happiness.—Rev. RICHARD LUCAS, D.D.

FORTUNE. The way of

The way of Fortune is like the milky way in the sky; which is a meeting, or knot, of a number of small stars, not seen asunder, but giving light together: so are there a number of little and scarce discerned virtues, or rather faculties and customs, that make men fortunate.

Essay on Fortune.—LORD BACON.

FORTUNE. Man the Master of

It cannot be denied, but outward accidents conduce much to fortune; favour, opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue: but chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands, saith the poet.

Essay on Fortune.—LORD BACON.

FORTUNE. The mind superior to

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act IV. Scene III.
SHAKSPERE.

FORTUNE. Tricks of

'Twas fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; fortune made the peace just when we were upon the brink of a war; then fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay; fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natured dog that bought it will never get a shilling for't.

The Soldiers' Fortune, Act I. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

FORTUNE and PROVIDENCE.

Let me not now be such a fool as to pay my thanks to blind Fortune for a favour which the eye of Providence hath bestowed upon me.

Personal Meditations, I.—THOS. FULLER.

FORTUNE not to be trusted.

I have too long th' effects of fortune known,
Either to trust her smiles, or fear her frown.

The Conquest of Granada, Part I. Act IV. Scene I.—DRYDEN.

FORTUNE, MISERY, and HOPE.

So, to us, sojourners in life's low vale,
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of Misery weave;
So Hope exultant spreads her aëry sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

To April.—H. K. WHITE.

FREEDOM. How to acquire

Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow!
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II. Verse LXXVI.
LORD BYRON.

FREEDOM. Endurance of

Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.

The Giaour, Line 111.—LORD BYRON.

FREEDOM'S SONS.

There yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

The Corsair, Canto III. Verse IV.—LORD BYRON.

FRIEND. The best

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen. *Sermon*, by JEREMY TAYLOR.

FRIENDS. Loss of

We sometimes lose friends whom we regret more than we grieve for; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret. *Maxims*, XXVI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FRIENDS. How to keep

He is sure of making enemies who will not be at the cost of rewarding his friends and servants; and, by letting his people see he loves them not, instructs them

to live upon the square with him, and to make him sensible, in his turn, that prerogatives are given, but privileges are inherent.

The Character of Polybius, the Historian.—JOHN DRYDEN.

FRIENDS. Costly

Costly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.

Essay on Followers and Friends.—LORD BACON.

FRIENDSHIP. Description of

Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air—common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. *Sermon*, by JEREMY TAYLOR.

FRIENDSHIP. Proof of

I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

Twelfth-Night, Act I. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

FRIENDSHIP. Value of

The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this

world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All others are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable.

Letter to the Earl of Galway.—LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

FRIENDSHIP in Misery

When a hunted deer runs for safeguard amongst the rest of the herd, they will not admit him into their company, but beat him off with their horns, out of principles of self-preservation. So hard it is in man or beast in misery to find a faithful friend.

Cause and Cure of a wounded Conscience, Dialogue IV.
THOS. FULLER.

FRIENDSHIP. Broken

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Christabel.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FRIENDSHIP. Cunning of

We are fond of exaggerating the love our friends bear us; but it is often less from a principle of gratitude, than the desire of prejudicing people in favour of our own merit. *Maxims*, CLXXVI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FRIENDSHIP. False

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Timon of Athens, Act II. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

FRIENDSHIP subject to Pride.

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Verses on his own death, by JONATHAN SWIFT.

FRIENDSHIP and CIVILITY.

Be civil and obliging to all, dutiful where God and nature command you; but friend to one, and that friendship keep sacred, as the greatest tie upon earth, and be sure to ground it upon virtue; for no other is either happy or lasting. *Memoir* by LADY FANSHAWE.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.

Youth and Age.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Gaol. Consolations of a

People may say this and that of being in Gaol, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat

and drink, and did no work; but alas! this kind of life was too good to last for ever.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter xxv.
GOLDSMITH.

GARDENS.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works: and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

Essay on Gardens.—LORD BACON

GARMENTS.

Man's best
Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet,
My bottle of Salvation;
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
While my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven.

The Pilgrimage.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

GENEROSITY.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by the law. It is a rule im-

posed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. *The Bee*, No. III.—GOLDSMITH.

GENIUS.

All the means of action,
The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius!

The Spanish Student, Act I. Scene V.
LONGFELLOW.

GENIUS. Invocation to

Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn; he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gavest to him with treble force to feel
The stings of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

Genius: An Ode.—H. K. WHITE.

GENIUS. Industry of

As some lord of the forest wanders abroad for its prey, and scents and follows it over plain and hill, through brake and jungle, but, seizing it at last, bears the quarry to its unwitnessed cave; so genius searches through wood and waste, untiringly and eagerly, every sense awake, every nerve strained to speed and strength, for the scattered and flying images of matter, that it seizes at last with its mighty talons, and bears away with it into solitudes no footstep can invade. Go, seek the world without; it is for art, the inexhaustible pasture-ground and harvest to the world within!

Zanoni, Book III. Chap. IV.—E. B. LYTTON.

GENIUS. Attendants upon

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy derided state.
Thee chill Adversity will still attend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
And leaves thee all forlorn;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head, and laughs;
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides;
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is moulder-
ing in his grave.

Genius: An Ode.—H. K. WHITE.

GENIUS. Jealousies of

Genius is jealous: I have heard of some
Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb;
Nay, different talents would their envy raise,
Poets have sicken'd at a dancer's praise;
And one, the happiest writer of his time,
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime.

Tale, The Patron.—G. CRABBE.

GENIUS and NATURE.

With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the One foretels the Other shall fulfil.

Columbus.—SCHILLER.

GENIUSES. Small

Small geniuses are hurt by small events: great geniuses see through and despise them.

Maxims, CCCCLXXI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

GENTLEMAN. One Composition of a

To make a fine gentleman, several trades are required, but chiefly a barber: you have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair: one would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there: to appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a brush on his own: the distributers of law and physic stick on

such quantities, that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter I.
GOLDSMITH.

GHOSTS. Against Believing in

I never could think it for the interest of religion, that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of demonism. On the other hand, I take the devil to be a personage of much more prudence than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgustful appearances. He rather chooses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurement of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glorying of compliments, in revel and banqueting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter III.—H. BROOKE.

GLORY.

Leave glory to great folks. Ah! castles in the air cost a vast deal to keep up!

The Lady of Lyons, Act I. Scene III.—E. B. LYTTON.

GLORY. Instability of Human

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies,

A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim,
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,
And glory, like the phœnix 'midst her fires
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

"GOD IS LOVE."

God is all love, it is He who made everything, and He loves everything that He has made.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter II.—H. BROOKE.

GOLD.

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.

Night Thoughts, V. Line 966.—EDWARD YOUNG.

GOOD. Progress of

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming.

Sermon on The Victory of Faith.
ARCHDEACON HARE.

GOOD. The Delight of doing

Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life

When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessing; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

The old Cumberland Beggar.—WM. WORDSWORTH.

GOOD linked with all Hearts.

'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul to every mode of being
Inseparably linked.

The old Cumberland Beggar.—WM. WORDSWORTH.

GOODNESS.

O heart! but try it once;—'tis easy good to be,
But to appear so, such a strain and misery.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

GOVERNING Self and Others.

Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live therefore the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore do your duty, and

be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in Him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

Letter to his Wife and Children.—WM. PENN.

GOVERNMENT. God's

How magnificent is this idea of God's government! That he inspects the whole and every part of his universe every moment, and orders it according to the counsels of his infinite wisdom and goodness, by his omnipotent will; whose thought is power; and his acts ten thousand times quicker than the light; unconfused in a multiplicity exceeding number, and unwearied through eternity!

Sermon on Prayer.—DR. OGDEN.

GRATITUDE. Causes of

So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper when we have received it. And yet a man may as well refuse to deliver up a sum of money that's left him in trust, without a suit, as not to return a good office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the benefit, we do commonly care as little for the author. People follow their interest; one man is grateful for his convenience, and another man is ungrateful for the same reason.

Seneca's Morals, translated by SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

GRAVE. The

How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom,
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

Night Thoughts, I. Line 116.—EDWARD YOUNG

GRAVE. The Rest of the

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The Grave.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GRAVE. The Hallowedness of the

Blessed is the turf, serenely blessed,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.

Dirge.—LEIGH HUNT.

GRAVE. Flowers suitable for a

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins: no, nor

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

GRAVE. A Poet's

I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with osiers, just as sleep the cotters:
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there, at eve, may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.

Lines written in Wilford Church-yard.—H. K. WHITE.

GRAVES.

No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave;
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

The Last Day, II. Line 89.—EDWARD YOUNG.

GRAVITY.

Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body, invented to cover the defects of the mind.

Maxims, CCIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

GREATNESS.

Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
The wise man's fetter, and the range of fools!
Who is't would court thee if he knew thy ills?
He who the greatest heap of honour piles,
Does nothing else but build a dang'rous shelf,
Or erect mountains to o'erwhelm himself.

Alcibiades, Act IV. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

GREATNESS. True

To be great, we must know how to push our fortune to the utmost. *Maxims*, CLX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

GREATNESS. Decay of Monuments of

Turn the hippogriff loose to graze; he loves the acanthus that wreathes round yon broken columns. Yes; that is the Arch of Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem,—that the Colosseum! Through one passed the triumph of the deified invader—in one fell the butchered gladiators. Monuments of murder, how poor the thoughts, how mean the memories ye awaken, compared with those that speak to the heart of man on the heights of Phyle, or by the lone mound of Marathon! We stand amidst weeds, and brambles, and long waving herbage. Where we stand reigned Nero—here were his tesselated floors; here "Mighty in the Heaven, a second Heaven," hung the vault of his ivory roofs—here, arch upon arch, pillar on pillar, glittered to the world the golden palace of its master—the Golden House

of Nero. How the lizard watches us with his bright timorous eye! We disturb his reign. Gather that wild flower: the Golden House is vanished—but the wild flower may have kin to those which the stranger's hand scattered over the tyrant's grave; see, over this soil, the grave of Rome, Nature strews the wild flowers still!

Zanoni, Book I. Chapter V.—E. B. LYTTON.

GREEDINESS. Evil Effects of

An able man will arrange his interests, and conduct each in its proper order. Our greediness often hurts us, by making us prosecute so many things at once; by too earnestly desiring the less considerable, we lose the more important. *Maxims*, CCV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

GRIEF.

Grief is a stone that bears one down, but two bear it lightly. *Mährchen.*—W. HAUFF.

Grief is a foe—expel him then thy soul;
Let nobler thoughts the nearer views control!

The Village, Book II.—G. CRABBE.

GRIEF should be Moderate.

I like Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will

be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Resolves.—OWEN FELTHAM.

GRIEF. Blindness of

There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

The Corsair, Canto III. Verse XXII.—LORD BYRON.

GRIEF. Effect of

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *King Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Scene IV. SHAKSPERE.

GRIEF, Universality of

How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. *The Seasons—Winter.*—JAMES THOMSON.

GRIEF. Where to obtain Consolation in

The company of the unfamiliar in our grief, the consolation of the stranger, how it irritates the wound! And then, to hear elsewhere the name of father, mother, child—as if death came alone to you—to see

elsewhere the calm regularity of those lives united in love and order, keeping account of happy hours, the unbroken timepiece of home, as if nowhere else the wheels were arrested, the chain shattered, the hands motionless, the chime still! No; the grave itself does not remind us of our loss like the company of those who have no loss to mourn. Go back to thy solitude, young orphan—go back to thy home: the sorrow that meets thee on the threshold can greet thee, even in its sadness, like the smile upon the face of the dead. And there, from thy casement, and there, from without thy door, thou seest still the tree, solitary as thyself, and springing from the clefts of the rock, but forcing its way to light,—as through all sorrow, while the seasons yet can renew the verdure and bloom of youth, strives the instinct of the human heart! Only when the sap is dried up, only when age comes on, does the sun shine in vain for man and for the tree.

Zanoni, Book I. Chap. X.—E. B. LYTTON.

GROANS. Unutterable

How comes it to pass that groans made in men by God's spirit cannot be uttered? I find two reasons thereof. First, because those groans are so low and little, so faint, frail, and feeble, so next to nothing, those still born babes only breathe without crying. Secondly, because so much diversity, yea contrariety of passion, is crowded within the compass of a groan, they are stayed from being expressive and the groans become unutterable.

How happy is their condition who have God for their interpreter? who not only understands what they do but what they would say. Daniel could tell the meaning of the dream which Nebuchadnezzar had forgotten. God knows the meaning of those groans which never as yet knew their own meaning, and understand the sense of those sighs which never understood themselves.

Meditations on all kinds of Prayers, IV.
THOMAS FULLER.

GUILT. Effect of Brooding upon the Remembrance of

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain;
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

The Giaour, Line 422.—LORD BYRON.

GUILT and SHAME.

Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.

The Vicar of Wakefield, Chapter XV.—GOLDSMITH.

Hanging.

The man that's hang'd preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.

Bonduca, Act IV. Scene III.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

HAPPINESS.

Happy the monarch, on whose brows no cares
Add weight to the bright diadem he wears.

Don Carlos, Act I. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

HAPPINESS. Basis of

And what is right, but means of happiness?
No means of happiness when virtue yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.

Night Thoughts, VII. Line 151.—EDWARD YOUNG.

HAPPINESS. Seat of

Happiness is in the taste, not in the thing; and we are made happy by possessing what we ourselves love, not what others think lovely.

Maxims, CCXIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

HAPPINESS. The Foundation of

God, with all his omnipotence, can no otherwise make us happy than by connecting himself with us; and this connection can no way be formed but by our dependance on him. And this dependance can no way be made but by our confidence in him; by feeling that in ourselves or the world around us, there is neither footing nor hold to save us from sinking for ever; and by catching at God alone for the support of that existence which his bounty bestowed. * * * * * Since God, therefore, cannot communicate happiness to one who refuses to trust in his goodness, or to repose upon his power; where he is peculiarly favourable, he blesses him with all sorts of crosses and disappointments. He breaks under him all the props of worldly confidence. He snatches from him the helps on which his

hopes had laid hold; that in the instant of sinking he may catch at his Creator, and throw himself on the bosom of that infinite benevolence.

The Fool of Quality, Chap. VIII.—H. BROOKE.

HAPPINESS. One ingredient of

I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. *The Man of Feeling.*—HENRY MACKENZIE.

HAPPINESS. The only real

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.

Night Thoughts, I. Line 342.—EDWARD YOUNG.

HAPPINESS. True

Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss;
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain,
Though, were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,

Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear;
For me yon labourer guides the shining share;
While, happy, I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.

Clifton Grove.—H. K. WHITE.

HAPPINESS. Frailty of

Oh! that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That, when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief:
And, even then, there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view!

The Dance of the Consumptives.—H. K. WHITE.

HAPPINESS not found by Chance.

No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;
Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost:
And leave us perfect blockheads in our bliss.

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 615.—EDWARD YOUNG.

HAPPINESS is to be found. Where
I questioned death—the grisly shade
Relaxed his brow severe—
And—"I am happiness," he said,
"If virtue guides thee here."

Happiness.—REGINALD HEBER.

HAPPINESS. The Perfection of Human

Human happiness, according to the most received notions, seems to consist in three ingredients; action, pleasure, and indolence. And though these ingredients ought to be mixed in different proportions, according to the particular disposition of the person, yet no one ingredient can be entirely wanting without destroying in some measure the relish of the whole composition.

Essay on the Effects of Luxury.—DAVID HUME.

HAPPINESS consists in the Enjoyment of the Present Hour.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;

And trunks of trees come rolling down ;
Sheep and their folds together drown :
Both house and homestead into seas are borne ;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn ;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

First Book of Horace, XXIX. Ode.—JOHN DRYDEN.

HAPPINESS. Instability of Human

What's earth ? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure ?
O who would droil,
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure ?

Emblems, Book I. 3.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

HAPPINESS to Others. Pleasure of imparting

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many

kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure.

Lectures by DR. THOMAS BROWN.

HAT. Advice about the

Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.
Mount the new castor,—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves may fail; the hat is always felt!

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

HATE. Tyranny of

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress;
But love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

The Giaour, Line 647.—LORD BYRON.

HATRED.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate. *Maxims*, CCXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

HEAD and the HEART. The

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

Maxims, CCXVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Oh! trifling head and fickle heart,
Chagrined at whatsoe'er thou art,
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoyed!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

The progress of Discontent.—THOMAS WARTON.

HEALTH. Value of

O Health! thou sun of Life, without whose beam
The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope,
That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray!
Though transient be the hope, 't will be most sweet,
Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

HEART. Mastery of the

Call yourself to often reckonings; cast up your debts, payments, graces, wants, expenses, employments; yield not to think your set devotions troublesome; take not easy denials from yourself; yea, give peremptory denials to yourself: he can never be any good that flatters himself: hold nature to her allowance; and let

your will stand at courtesy: happy is that man which hath obtained to be the master of his own heart.

Sermon by BISHOP HALL.

HEART. Strength of a Pure

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Scene I. SHAKSPERE.

HEART. Value of a Good

A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. *King Henry V.* Act V. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

HEART and the HEAD. The

Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

Maxims, CCXV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

HEART. Hardness of an Ungrateful

Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. *Sermon* by DR. ROBERT SOUTH.

HEAVEN. Descriptions of

There is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor time!

Nor loss of friends! Perhaps, when yonder bell
Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night,
They thought upon that world of distant light;
And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he raised a warmer prayer;
Then sighed, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
"No morn will shine on me till I am dead!"

The Greenwich Pensioners.—Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven.

Pilgrim's Progress.—John Bunyan.

HEAVEN. Description of

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:-
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And there is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

The Pricke of Conscience.—RICHARD ROLLE.

HEAVEN. The Class of Men who go to

No ill men
That live by violence and strong oppression
Come thither. 'Tis for those the gods love; good ones.

Bonduca, Act IV. Scene II.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

HEAVEN not answerable for Man's Follies.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion.

King Lear, Act I. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

HERO. Definition of a

A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement—who performs famous exploits—who does things that are heroical—and in all his actions and demeanour is a hero indeed.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter IV.—H. BROOKE.

HOME.

Home of our childhood! how affection clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

O happiest they, whose early love unchanged,
Hopes undissolved, and friendship unestranged,
Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centering all in thee!

A Metrical Essay, Part I.—O. W. HOLMES.

HOME, Man's Best Place.

At evening *home's* the best place for a man!

Faustus.—GOETHE.

HOME, dear to all.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

Home.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HOME of Contentment. The

Content can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart; and in solitude the bosom gladly opens to receive this wished-for inmate, and to welcome its attendant virtues. While nature smiles around us, decorated in all its beauties, the heart expands to the cheering scene; every object appears in the most favourable and pleasing point of view; our souls overflow with kind affections; the antipathies created by the ingratitude of the world instantly vanish; we even forget the vain, the wicked, the profligate characters with whom

we were mixed; and being perfectly at peace with ourselves, we feel ourselves at peace with all mankind. *Solitude*, Cap. III.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

HONESTY.

There is no man, but, for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold the horns of this altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him. *Resolves.*—OWEN FELTHAM.

HONOUR.

Honour hath three things in it: the vantage-ground to do good; the approach to kings and principal persons; and the raising of a man's own fortunes.

Essay on Ambition.—LORD BACON.

Honour! a very word; an empty name!
How dully wretched is the slave to fame!
Give me the soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the air, and boundless as the wind:
Nature was then in her first excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny conscience;
Man's sacrifice was pleasure, his god, sense.

Alcibiades, Act II. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

HONOUR. Composition of
Discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. *Bonduca*, Act I. Scene I.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

HOPE.
Evil beginning hours may end in good.
The Knight of Malta, Act II. Scene V.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

The night is past—joy cometh with the morrow.
The Lady of Lyons, Act V. Scene II.—E. B. LYTTON.

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrow,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.
Cato, Act I. Scene VI.—ADDISON.

HOPE? What is
And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flowret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.
What is Life?—JOHN CLARE.

HOPE. Birth of

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin Man planteth—Hope!

Hope.—SCHILLER.

HOPE. Sacredness of

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

The Pleasures of Hope, Part I. Line 23.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HOPE. Value of

This comforts me, that the most weather-beaten vessel cannot properly be seized on for a wreck which hath any quick cattle remaining therein. My spirits are not as yet forfeited to despair, having one lively spark of hope in my heart because God is even where he was before.

Good Thoughts in Worse Times, XVI.—THOMAS FULLER.

HOPE in sorrow.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

The Prophecy.—THOMAS CHATTERTON.

HOPE. Endurance of the good man's

The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

HOPES.

Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows.

Night Thoughts, II. Line 437.
EDWARD YOUNG.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd fight;
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands,—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground;

Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

The War Horse.—JOHN DRYDEN.

HOUSES.

How large houses do they build in London on little ground! Revenging themselves on the narrowness of their room with store of stories. Excellent arithmetic! from the root of one floor to multiply so many chambers. And though painful climbing up, pleasant staying there, the higher the healthfuller, with clear light and sweeter air.

Occasional Meditations, II.—THOMAS FULLER.

HUMILITY. Lesson on

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard
THOMAS GRAY.

HUMILITY. Worth of

O! I would walk
A weary journey, to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand
Who, in the blaze of wisdom, and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity.
What is the pomp of learning? the parade

Of letters and of tongues? even as the mists
Of the grey morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.—Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

Lowliness of Mind.—H. K. WHITE.

HUMILITY the Mark of Dignity.

True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

The Yew-tree Seat.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HUMILITY known of God.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest humble heart;
An humble heart, his residence! pronounced
His second seat; and rival to the skies.

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 475.—EDWARD YOUNG.

HUMILITY with regard to others.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet, higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set, the little stars will shine.

Scorn not the Least.—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

HUMILITY Commended but not Practised by all.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

Table Talk.—JOHN SELDEN.

HUMOURS. Influence of

The humours of the body have a regular stated course which insensibly influences the will: they circulate, and successively exercise a secret power over us. In short, they have a considerable share in all our actions, though we perceive it not.

Maxims, CCXXVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

HYPOCRISY.

An thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly.

King Lear, Act I. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

HYPOCRISY. Weakness of

I have known hypocrisy, treachery, pride, malice, and lust, assume the opposite semblance of saintship, fidelity, lowliness, benevolence, and chastity. But it is painful to keep the bow of nature long bent; its elasticity will struggle to have it restored; and a skilful discerner, at the time of such delusion, will often detect the difference between a real character and the acting of a part. For when nature dictates, the whole man

speaks: all is uniform and consenting in voice, mien, motion, the turn of each feature, and the cast of the eyes. But when art is the spokesman, and that nature is not altogether suppressed, the turn of the eye may contradict the tongue, and the muscles of the face may counteract each other in their several workings.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter IX.—H. BROOKE.

HYPOCRITE. An

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts; that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the mean time, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers bely his mouth.

Characters.—BISHOP HALL.

Idleness.

Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the Devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy,

but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

Anatomy of Melancholy.—BURTON.

IDLENESS. Against

A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Night Thoughts I. Line 149.—EDWARD YOUNG.

IDLENESS. The growth of

I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week when I was able to

joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any; thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it.

The Man of Feeling.—HENRY MACKENZIE.

IDLENESS. Influence of

It is a mistake to imagine, that the violent passions only, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the the rest. Idleness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Maxims, CCXXXII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

IGNORANCE. Value of

O Ignorance!
Thou art fall'n man's best friend!

Fragment.—H. K. WHITE.

IGNORANCE. Good in

I know a factious parish, wherein, if the minister in his pulpit had but named the word kingdom, the people would have been ready to have petitioned against him for a malignant. But as for realm, the same in French, he might safely use it in his sermons as oft as he pleased. Ignorance, which generally inflameth, sometimes, by good hap abateth men's malice.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XLIX.
THOMAS FULLER.

IGNORANCE. Fate of

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance coming up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-Hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other, I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was coming up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him: but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence come you, and what would you have? He answered, "I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets." Then they asked for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, You have none! but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw on the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell even

from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. *Pilgrim's Progress.*—JOHN BUNYAN.

ILLS. Origin of

All ills spring from some vice, either in ourselves or others; and even many of our diseases proceed from the same origin. Remove the vices, and the ills follow. You must only take care to remove all the vices. If you remove part, you may render the matter worse. By banishing vicious luxury, without curing sloth and an indifference to others, you only diminish industry in the state, and add nothing to men's charity or their generosity. *Essay on the Effects of Luxury.* DAVID HUME.

IMMORTALITY.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself;—and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependant being, and within the reach of destruction.

Urn Burial.—Sir T. BROWNE.

IMMORTALITY. How to gain

The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. *Urn Burial.*—Sir T. BROWNE.

IMMORTALITY. Intimation of

The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Intimations on Immortality from recollections of Early Childhood, Stanza XI.—WM. WORDSWORTH.

INDEPENDENCE. Dangers of

A country possessed of freedom, has always two sorts of enemies to fear; foreign foes who attack its existence from without, and internal miscreants who betray its liberties within.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter VII. GOLDSMITH.

INDEPENDENCE. Power of

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,

Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

Ode to Independence.—TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

INDUSTRY and FRUGALITY.

A habit of frugality among the lower orders of mankind, is much more beneficial to society than the unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker, the attorney, and other pests of society, might, by proper management, be turned into serviceable members; and were these trades abolished, it is possible the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterizes the other, might, by proper regulations, be converted into frugality and commendable prudence.

The Bee, No. V.—GOLDSMITH.

INEBRIETY.

See Inebriety! her wand she waves,
And lo! her pale, and lo! her purple slaves!
Sots in embroidery, and sots in crape,
Of every order, station, rank, and shape:

The king, who nods upon his rattle throne;
The staggering peer, to midnight revel prone;
The slow-tongued bishop, and the deacon sly;
The humble pensioner, and the gownsman dry;
The proud, the mean, the selfish, and the great,
Swell the dull throng, and stagger into state.

Inebriety.—G. CRABBE.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

Coriolanus, Act II. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

INGRATITUDE. Causes of

The principal causes of ingratitude are pride and self-conceit, avarice, envy, etc. It is a familiar exclamation, "'Tis true, he did this or that for me, but it came so late, and it was so little, I had e'en as good have been without it: If he had not given it to me, he must have given it to somebody else; it was nothing out of his own pocket." Nay, we are so ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves anything to himself, we reckon that he does us an injury.

Seneca's Morals, translated by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

INGRATITUDE. One species of

An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.

Maxims, CCXLVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

INNOCENCE. Asseveration of

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds.

Philaster, Act III.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

INNOCENCE and GUILT.

Innocence finds not near so much protection as guilt.

Maxims, CCLIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

INSTINCT and REASON.

But man's instincts are elevated and ennobled by the moral ends and purposes of his being. He is not destined to be the slave of blind impulses, a vessel purposeless, unmeant. He is constituted by his moral and intelligent will to be the first freed being, the masterwork and the end of nature; but this freedom and high office can only co-exist with fealty and devotion to the service of truth and virtue.

Vital Dynamics.—MATTHEW GREENE.

INSTRUCTION.

Education, indeed, has made the fondness for fine things next to natural; the corals and bells teach infants on the breasts to be delighted with sound and glitter.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter II.—H. BROOKE.

INTEREST.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts, even that of *disinterestedness* itself.

Maxims, CCLV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

INVISIBILITY. No

Many things have been done in hugger-mugger in our age; profane persons conceited that their privacy protected them from divine inspection. Some say, with the wicked in the Psalm, Tush, shall the Lord see.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XLVII.
THOMAS FULLER.

Jealousies in States.

Nothing is more usual among states which have made some advances in commerce, than to look on the progress of their neighbours with a suspicious eye, to consider all trading states as their rivals, and to suppose that it is impossible for any of them to flourish, but at their expense. In opposition to this narrow and malignant opinion, I will venture to assert, that the increase of riches and commerce in any one nation, instead of hurting, commonly promotes the riches and commerce of all its neighbours; and that a state can scarcely carry its trade and industry very far, where all the surrounding states are buried in ignorance, sloth and barbarism.

Essay on the Jealousy of Trade.—DAVID HUME.

JEALOUSY.

It is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Othello, Act III. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

JEALOUSY. Venom of

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

Comedy of Errors, Act V. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

JEWS. The

Amazing race! deprived of land and laws,
A general language, and a public cause;
With a religion none can now obey,
With a reproach that none can take away:
A people still, whose common ties are gone;
Who, mix'd with every race, are lost in none.

The Borough, Letter IV.—G. CRABBE.

JOY.

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons—suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar,
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Hymn to Joy.—SCHILLER.

JUDGMENT-RECORD. The

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She leant her bosom, more than stony hard;
There slept th' impartial judge and strict restorer
Of wrong or right, with pain or with reward;
There hung the score of all our debts—the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But, when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

The Temptation and Victory of Christ. GILES FLETCHER.

JUDGMENT. Description of the Day of

Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks; and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections.

Course of Sermons for the Year.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

JUSTICE. Characteristics of

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.

Measure for Measure, Act III. Scene II. SHAKSPERE.

Kindness. Proof of

Look ye, I intended to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

The Drummer, Act IV. Scene I.—ADDISON.

KING, his Office and Authority. A

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good. *Table Talk.*—JOHN SELDEN.

KING. Boasted power of a

'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven.

Philaster, Act IV.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

KING'S Office. Difficulties of a

The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men

commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me.

Essay on the Inconvenience of Greatness.
MICHEL, LORD OF MONTAIGNE.

KINGS.

All precepts concerning kings are in effect comprehended in those two remembrances, "Remember that thou art a man;" and "Remember that thou art the representative of God;" the one bridleth their power, and the other their will. *Essay on Empire.*—LORD BACON.

KINGS. The Prerogative of

The king may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour.

A King and no King, Act IV.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

KISS. Use of a

For lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss. *As You Like It*, Act IV. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

KISS. A farewell

One kiss—so ends all record of my crime!
It is the seal upon the tomb of Hope,
By which, like some lost, sorrowing angel, sits
Sad memory evermore.

The Lady of Lyons, Act IV. Scene I.—E. B. LYTTON.

KNOWLEDGE.

Delusion is the life we live
And knowledge death: oh wherefore, then,
To sight the coming evils give
And lift the veil of fate to man?

Kassandra.—SCHILLER.

It doth invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largess of beatitude. We enter our studies and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as he will, and leaving him abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter, of sailing on a wish from world to world. *Imaginary Conversations.*—W. S. LANDOR.

KNOWLEDGE. Scope of

When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite,

than the philosopher whose mind attempts to grasp a universal system.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter VII.
GOLDSMITH.

KNOWLEDGE. Needful

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedged, lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

Night Thoughts, V. Line 740.—EDWARD YOUNG.

KNOWLEDGE should be generally diffused.

Knowledge can neither be adequately cultivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few; and although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of our intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It requires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration, by universal assent; and there is no body of knowledge so complete, but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error, but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions.

Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.
Sir JOHN HERSCHELL.

KORAN. Poverty of the

Thus poverty of sentiment, monstrosity of invention, which always betokens a distempered, not a rich imagination, and, in respect of diction, the most turgid verbosity, so apt to be mistaken by persons of a vitiated taste for true sublimity, are the genuine characteristics of the book. They appear almost in every line. The very titles and epithets assigned to God are not exempt from them. The Lord of the daybreak, the Lord of the magnificent throne, the King of the day of judgment, etc. They are pompous and insignificant. If the language of the Koran, as the Mahometans pretend, is indeed the language of God, the thoughts are but too evidently the thoughts of men. The reverse of this is the character of the Bible.

Dissertation on Miracles.
Dr. GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Labour in the Garden of Eden.

On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, 'spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

Paradise Lost, Book v. Line 211.
JOHN MILTON.

LANDOWNERS and MERCHANTS. The difference between.

I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as pillars of the state; and to consider their interests, and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden to or dependent on trade. * * * * * The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest for nothing save the materials of his craft; and the merchant is wholly independent of all lands, or, rather, he is the general patron thereof.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter IV.—H. BROOKE.

LANDS. Concerning Love for Classic

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,
The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

LANGUAGE of the Face. The

I am persuaded that there is not a single sentiment, whether tending to good or evil, in the human soul,

that has not its distinct and respective interpreter in the glance of the eye, and in the muscling of the countenance. When nature is permitted to express herself with freedom by this language of the face, she is understood by all people, and those who were never taught a letter can instantly read her signatures and impressions, whether they be of wrath, hatred, envy, pride, jealousy, vexation, contempt, pain, fear, horror, and dismay; or of attention, respect, wonder, surprise, pleasure, transport, complacence, affection, desire, peace, lowliness, and love.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter IX.—H. BROOKE.

LAUGHTER. Analysis of

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often (especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well) at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of

laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth.

Treatise on Human Nature.—THOMAS HOBBES.

LAW.

Law, Man's sole guardian ever since the time
When the old Brazen Age, in sadness saw
Love fly the world! *The Walk.*—SCHILLER.

LAW. Definition of

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. *The History of John Bull,* Chapter VI.—DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

LAW. Design of

Law was design'd to keep a state in peace,
To punish robbery, that wrong might cease;
To be impregnable; a constant fort,
To which the weak and injured might resort;
But these perverted minds its force employ,
Not to protect mankind, but to annoy;
And long as ammunition can be found,
Its lightning flashes and its thunders sound.

The Borough, Letter VI.—G. CRABBE.

LAW. The Shifts of

I am sure if you go to law, you do not consider the appeals, degrees of jurisdiction, the intricate proceedings, the knaveries, the craving of so many ravenous animals that will prey upon you, villanous harpies, promoters,

tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest right in the world for a bribe. On the other side, the proctor shall side with your adversary, and sell your cause for ready money: your advocate shall be gained the same way, and shall not be found when your cause is to be heard. Law is a torment of all torments.

The Cheats of Scapin, Act II. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

LAW-SUITS.

How wrangling and litigious were we in the time of peace! How many actions were created of nothing! Suits we had commenced about a mouthful of grass or a handful of hay.

Mixt Contemplations, XI.—THOMAS FULLER.

LAWYER. A

A lawyer, that entangles all men's honesties,
And lives like a spider in a cob-web lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pitfalls.

The Spanish Curate, Act IV. Scene V.—FLETCHER.

LEARNING and WEALTH.

Much learning shews how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.

Night Thoughts, VI. Line 519.—EDWARD YOUNG.

LEAVE-TAKING of Lovers never long enough.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

LEISURE. True

Leisure, the highest happiness upon earth, is seldom enjoyed with perfect satisfaction, except in solitude. Indolence and indifference do not always afford leisure; for true leisure is frequently found in that interval of relaxation which divides a painful duty from an agreeable recreation; a toilsome business from the more agreeable occupations of literature and philosophy.

Solitude, Cap III.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

LIFE. Definitions of

'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Philaster, Act V.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

Life that has sorrow much and sorrow's cure,
Where they who most enjoy shall much endure.

The Parish Register, Part II.—G. CRABBE.

O, pray for life! thou feel'st that, with these faults of thine,
Thou art not ready yet with sons of God to shine.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

Life at the greatest and best is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

The Good-natured man, Act I.—GOLDSMITH.

Thus Man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky;
While Happiness unseen is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.

Kassandra.—SCHILLER.

What is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air,
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Cato, Act II. Scene III.—ADDISON.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

The Dirge.—HENRY KING.

I made a posy, while the day ran by:
'Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
'My life within this band.'
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

Life.—GEORGE HERBERT.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Sic Vita.—HENRY KING.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
The sensual in pursuit of something worse;
The grave, of gold; the politic of pow'r;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
Where gay delusion darkens to despair?

Night Thoughts, VIII. Line 86.—EDWARD YOUNG.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life: a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the further it goeth the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem

happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

Soliloquies, Chapter XII.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

LIFE. What is

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

What is Life? JOHN CLARE.

LIFE. A Golden Rule for

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long.

Letter to Lord Cavendish.—LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

LIFE and its Witnesses.

My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed life: this life's the game;
My sins are several blots; the lookers-on
Are angels; and in death the game is done.

Emblems, Book IV. 4.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

LIFE. The Good

Law, conscience, honour, all obey'd: all give
Th' approving voice, and make it bliss to live;
While faith, when life can nothing more supply,
Shall strengthen hope, and make it bliss to die.

The Borough, Letter XVII.—G. CRABBE.

LIFE, the Longest. The Good

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The Forest.—BEN JONSON.

LIFE Joyous. All Seasons of

In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

Natural Theology.—DR. PALEY.

LIFE entirely Wretched. No

There's no condition so wretched but has its reserve; your spaniel, turned out of doors, goes con-

tentedly to his kennel; your beggar, when he can get no better lodging, knows his own warm bush.

Friendship in Fashion, Act I. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

LIFE. Conditions of

All conditions are full of complaints, from him that trudges on his clouted shoe, to him who can scarce mention the manners or the fortunes of the multitude without some expressions of contumely and disdain.

Inquiry after Happiness.—RICHARD LUCAS, D.D.

LIFE. Unnoticed Progress of

Still on its march, unnotic'd and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And, as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise. *Time*, a Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

LIFE. Sustenance of

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected furious fires, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Urn Burial.—SIR T. BROWNE.

LIFE increased by Years. Love for

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

The Three Warnings.—MRS. THRALE.

LIFE. A Picture of

Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

The Bard, a Pindaric Ode, Stanza II.—THOMAS GRAY.

LIFE compared to an April day.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Ode on Disappointment.—H. K. WHITE.

LIFE Compared to a Book.

A book may be compared to the life of your neighbour. If it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter II.—H. BROOKE.

LIFE a Stage.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplored:
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Night Thoughts, II. Line 260.—EDWARD YOUNG.

LIFE a Battle.

Then dare and strive—the prize can but belong
To him whose valour o'er his tribe prevails;
In life the victory only crowns the strong—
He who is feeble fails.

The Ideal and the Actual Life.—SCHILLER.

LIFE at a Court.

A court's a place where men have need to watch
Their acts and words not only, but their looks;
For prying eyes beset them round about,
That wait on aught but thoughts of charity.

The Wife, Act III. Scene IV.—J. S. KNOWLES.

LIFE. Picture of a Country

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclined all to sleep.

Castle of Indolence.—JAMES THOMSON

LIFE. A Shepherd's

And now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands; which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite, he eats,
To follow in the fields his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits.
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,
And looking towards the neighb'ring pastures, raise
The voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow.
The cheerful birds too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in quires, and with their notes,
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

The Orphan, Act IV. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

LIFE in the East.

It was early noon, and the forum was crowded alike with the busy and idle. As at Paris at this day, so at that time in the cities of Italy, men lived almost wholly out of doors: the public buildings, the forum, the porticoes, the baths, the temples themselves, might be considered their real homes; it is no wonder that they decorated so gorgeously these favourite places of resort,—they felt for them a sort of affection as well as a public pride. *The Last days of Pompeii*, Book III. Chap. I.
E. B. LYTTON.

LIFE. Attractions of a Wild

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst.
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Cato, Act I. Scene IV.—ADDISON.

LIFE. The Evening of

How happy is the evening-tide of life,
When phlegm has quench'd our passions, trifling out
The feeble remnant of our silly days
In follies, such as dotage best is pleas'd with,

Free from the wounding and tormenting cares
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy mind!

The Fall of Caius Marius, Act III. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

LIFE of Man, and Life in Nature.

Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,
And cry, exulting inly, "they are thine!"
Gaze on while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
A morrow comes when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor clouds shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

Lara, Canto II. Verse I.—LORD BYRON.

LIFE and DEATH.

If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment.

Urn Burial.—SIR T. BROWNE.

LIFE and DEATH.

Life's ills end well upon death's bed;
Yet life shrinks back from death with dread.
Life sees but the dark hand, and not
The clear cup, that it holds, instead.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and doses till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

The Grave.—ROBERT BLAIR.

LIGHT.

Light is the most immediate outward agent and minister of God's love, the most powerful and rapid diffuser of His blessings through the whole universe of His creation. It blesses the earth, and makes her bring forth herbs and plants. It blesses the herbs and plants, and makes them bring forth their grain and their fruit. It blesses every living creature, and enables all to support and enjoy their existence. Above all, it blesses man, in his goings out and his comings in, in his body and in his soul, in his senses and in his imagination, and in his affections; in his social intercourse with his brother, and in his solitary communion with his Maker. Merely blot out light from the earth, and joy will pass

away from it; and health will pass away from it; and life will pass away from it; and it will sink back into a confused, turmoiling chaos.

Light illumines everything, the lowly valley as well as the lofty mountain; it fructifies everything, the humblest herb as well as the lordliest tree; and there is nothing hid from its heat.

Sermon on The Victory of Faith.—ARCHDEACON HARE.

LIGHT, the Shadow of God.

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

Christian Morals.—Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

LIGHT. Origin of

First-born of Chaos, who so far didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb;

Which when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks, and smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden show'r of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Hymn to Light.—A. COWLEY.

LONELINESS.

A sun-dial pillar left alone,
On which no dial meets the eye;
A black mill-wheel with grass o'ergrown,
That hears no water trickle by.

The Childless Sexton.—JOHN STIRLING.

LOVE. Definitions of

O Love, the beautiful and brief!

The Lay of the Bell.—SCHILLER.

For love, that comes to all; the holy sense,
Best gift of God.

Tribute to the memory of a favourite dog.
W. WORDSWORTH.

O heavenly Love!—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
For aye apart, and yet by thee for ever intertwined!

The Sexes.—SCHILLER.

LOVE.

To embrace the whole creation with love sounds beautiful, but we must begin with the individual, with the nearest. And he who cannot love that deeply, intensely, entirely, how should he be able to love that which is remote and which throws but feeble rays upon him from a foreign star? How should he be able to love it with any feeling which deserves the name of love? The greatest cosmopolites are generally the neediest beggars, and they who embrace the entire universe with love, for the most part, love nothing but their narrow self. *Philosophy of the History of Man.*
J. G. HERDER.

LOVE—of Divine Origin.

Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who formed the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!

The Giaour, Line 1137.—LORD BYRON.

LOVE. Immortality of

They sin who tell us Love can die,
With life all other passions fly,

All others are but vanity.
Earthly, these passions are of earth,
They perish where they find their birth,
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest.
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest.

To Mary.—WILLIAM COWPER.

LOVE. The Language of

The language of true love is understood by all creatures.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter II. H. BROOKE.

LOVE, Man's first Talk.

Desire first taught us words: man, when created,
At first alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and silent as his vassal-beasts;
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange pleasures fill'd his eyes, and fir'd his heart,
Unloos'd his tongue, and his first talk was love.

The Orphan, Act I. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

LOVE to the Young.

Days are like years in the love of the young, when no bar, no obstacle, is between their hearts—when the

sun shines, and the course runs smooth—when their love is prosperous and confessed.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book III. Chapter IV.
E. B. LYTTON.

LOVE. Perfection of

Love is represented as the fulfilling of the law—a creature's perfection. All other graces, all divine dispensations, contribute to this, and are lost in it as in a heaven. It expels the dross of our nature; it overcomes sorrow; it is the full joy of our Lord.

The Uses of Adversity.—HERMAN HOOKER.

LOVE. True

Thro' the doubtful streams of joy and grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

The Woman-Hater, Act V. Scene II.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

LOVE can be neither Concealed nor Feigned.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

Maxims, CCLXVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

LOVE. Influence of

The heart that holds to love is not abandoned yet;
The smallest fibre serves some root in God to set.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

LOVE. Charity of

Much rather than the spots upon the sun's broad light,
Would love spy out the stars scarce twinkling through the night.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

LOVE. Reasons for

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for its precisian, he admits him not for his councillor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy?

The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

LOVE. Quality of

Love has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart! Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves!

The Lady of Lyons, Act V. Scene II.
E. B. LYTTON.

LOVE. The most profound

There is a love, which is not the love only of the thoughtless and the young—there is a love which sees not with the eye, which hears not with the ears; but in which soul is enamoured of soul. The countryman of thy ancestors, the cave-nursed Plato, dreamed of such

a love—his followers have sought to imitate it; but it is a love that only high and noble natures can conceive —it hath nothing in common with the sympathies and ties of coarse affection.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book II. Chapter IV.
E. B. LYTTON.

LOVE. Solace of

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Babe Christabel.—GERALD MASSEY.

LOVE. Hallowing Influence of

O, Love is higher than what thou lovest;
And though she may seem of earth,
And be named however thou most approvest,
She is one, and of heavenly birth.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

LOVE. Strength in

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would break the heart.

Michael: A Pastoral Poem.—W. WORDSWORTH.

LOVE. No Selfishness in

Thou'lt ne'er arrive at love, while still to life thou'lt cling;
'Tis found but at the cost of thy self-offering.

According as thou wouldst receive, thou must impart;
Must wholly give a life, to wholly have a heart.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

LOVE. The Boundlessness of

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! *Twelfth-Night*, Act I. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

LOVE. Effects of

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largéness,
Love makis sweir folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Merle and Nightingale.—WILLIAM DUNBAR.

LOVE. Courage of

I loved her—love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 't were hard
If passion met not some reward—

No matter how, or where, or why,
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh :
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.

The Giaour, Line 1054.—LORD BYRON.

LOVE. The Growth of

Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth ;
Springs by the calendar ; must wait for sun—
For rain ;—matures by parts,—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed !
You look for it, and see it not ; and lo !
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth !

The Hunchback, Act I.—J. S. KNOWLES.

LOVE. Varieties of

Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

Essay on Love.—LORD BACON.

LOVE. Constancy in

Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
That was not his ;—that on his wandering way,
Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers.
Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share
His lowliest lot,—walk by his side, an outcast ;—
Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light

Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown
The Bourbon lost.

The Lady of Lyons, Act v. Scene II.—E. B. LYTTON.

LOVE related to Lunacy.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. *As You Like It*, Act III. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

LOVE. Concealed

You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love.

Philaster, Act v.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

LOVE differs according to the Clime.

The cold in clime are cold in blood.

The Giaour, Line 1105.—LORD BYRON.

LOVE upon Different Persons. Effect of

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet or brave despair;

And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same;
Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware!
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

The Giaour, Line 922.—LORD BYRON.

LOVE out of Work.

I'm a boy of all work, a complete little servant,
Though now, out of place, like a beggar I rove;
Though in waiting so handy, in duty so fervent
The Heart (could you think it) has turned away Love!

He pretends to require, growing older and older,
A nurse more expert his chill fits to remove,
But sure every heart will grow colder and colder
Whose fires are not lighted and fuel'd by Love!

He fancies that Friendship, my puritan brother,
In journeys and visits more useful will prove;
But the heart will soon find, when it calls on another,
That no heart is at home to a heart without Love!

Love out of Place.—LORD BYRON.

LOVE. Story of a Bitter

By pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
From my first years, my soul was fill'd with thee:
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
Tended, unmark'd by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer! Well; this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stoop'd from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a Fairy Future!

The Lady of Lyons, Act III. Scene II.
E. B. LYTTON.

LOVER. How to Cure a

He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him.

As You Like It, Act III. Scene II.
SHAKSPERE.

LOVERS are never weary. Why

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are always talking of themselves.

Maxims, CCCCLXXIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

LOVERS. Parting of

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,

Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base.
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

The Dream.—LORD BYRON.

LOVERS' DESPAIR.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd resignation,
Life beams not for us with one ray that can cheer,
Love and hope upon earth bring no more consolation,
In the grave is our hope, for in life is our fear.

To Caroline.—BYRON.

LOVING and PRAYING.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, Part VII.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

LUXURY.

One might reasonably have thought that as the world grew older luxury would have been more shunned: for the more men multiplied, and the greater their dangers grew, they should have been the more easily induced to shun all expense, that they might the more successfully provide against those inconveniences. But yet it proved otherwise, and luxury was the last of all vices that prevailed over mankind; for after riches had been hoarded up, they rotted, as it were, into luxury; and after that tyranny and ambition had robbed many poor innocents, luxury, more cruel than they, was made use of by Providence to revenge their quarrel, and so triumphed over the conquerors. Thus, when Rome had by wit and courage subdued the world, it was drowned in that inundation of riches which these brought upon it.

The Moral History of Frugality.—Sir G. MACKENZIE.

LUXURY.

Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungovern'd man along;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are form'd, and placed on ev'ry side;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow;
Luxury creeps on and ruins all below.

The Library.—G. CRABBE.

LUXURY on man. Effect of

Luxury also makes a man so soft, that it is hard to please him, and easy to trouble him. So that his pleasures at last become his burden. Luxury is a nice master, hard to be pleased.

The Moral History of Frugality.—SIR G. MACKENZIE.

LUXURY. Definition of a Vicious

Let us consider what we call vicious luxury. No gratification, however sensual, can of itself be esteemed vicious. A gratification is only vicious when it engrosses all a man's expense, and leaves no ability for such acts of duty and generosity as are required by his situation and fortune. The same care and toil that

raise a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months.

Essay on the Effects of Luxury.—DAVID HUME.

LYING creates Lying.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.—ALEXANDER POPE.

Magic? What is

Magic! And what is magic? When the traveller beholds in Persia the ruins of palaces and temples, the ignorant inhabitants inform him they were the work of magicians! What is beyond their own power, the vulgar cannot comprehend to be lawfully in the power of others. But if by magic you mean a perpetual research amongst all that is more latent and obscure in nature, I answer, I profess that magic, and that he who does so comes but nearer to the fountain of all belief. Knowest thou not that magic was taught in the schools of old? But how, and by whom? as the last and most solemn lesson, by the priests who ministered to the Temple.

Zanoni, Book II. Chapter VII.
E. B. LYTTON.

MAJESTY.

The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

MAN. Description of

Alas! and what's a man?
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span
Of flitting time; a furnish'd pack, whose wares
Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death:
A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.

Emblems, Book III. 8.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From diff'rent natures marvellously mix'd!
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at my myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger;
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own.

Introduction to The Night Thoughts.—EDWARD YOUNG.

MAN. Superiority of

Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.

The Seasons, Spring.—JAMES THOMSON.

MAN Triumphs over all Sorrows.

'Tis man alone that joy descries,
With forward and reverted eyes.
Smiles on past misfortunes' brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Our deepest shades, that dimly lour,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Pleasures of Vicissitude.—THOMAS GRAY.

MAN. The ages of

There are three volumes of man's time; youth, man's estate, and old age; and ministers advise them to redeem this time. But men conceive the rate they must give to be unreasonable, because it will cost them the renouncing of their carnal delights. Thereupon one third part of their life (youth) is consumed in the fire of wantonness. Again, ministers counsel men to redeem the remaining volumes of their life. They are but derided at for their pains. And man's estate is also cast away in the smoke of vanity.

Historical Applications, II.—THOMAS FULLER.

MAN. Attributes of

The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me, that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals.

Diary, by Captain BASIL HALL.

MAN. The Three Enemies of

The world, flesh, and devil, have a design for the destruction of men; we ministers bring our people a letter, God's word, wherein all the conspiracy is revealed. But who hath believed our report? Most

men are so busy about worldly delights, they are not at leisure to listen to us, or read the letter; but thus, alas, run headlong to their own ruin and destruction.

Historical Applications, VI.—THOMAS FULLER.

MAN. The Weakness of

Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a state of dependance, he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help, and where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection.

The Fool of Quality, Chapter IV.—H. BROOKE.

MAN. Arrogance and Ignorance in relation to

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance. Man's natural tendency is to egotism. Man in his infancy of knowledge, thinks that all creation was formed for him. For several ages he saw in the countless worlds, that sparkle through space like the bubbles of a shoreless ocean, only the petty candles, the household torches, that Providence has been pleased to light for no other purpose but to make the night more agreeable to man. Astronomy has corrected this delusion of human vanity: And man now reluctantly confesses that the stars are worlds, larger and more glorious than his own,—that the earth on which he crawls is a scarce visible speck on the vast chart of creation. But in the small as in the vast, God is

equally profuse of life. The traveller looks upon the tree, and fancies its boughs were formed for his shelter in the summer sun, or his fuel in the winter frosts. But in each leaf of these boughs the Creator has made a world, it swarms with innumerable races. Each drop of water in yon moat is an orb more populous than a kingdom is of men.

Zanoni, Book IV. Chapter IV.—E. B. LYTTON.

MAN should never distrust Providence.

O man! thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence,
Who made the morning, and who placed the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge; who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree?
Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?

He is my star;—in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate!—and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fulness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.—JOHN FLETCHER.

MAN. The Happiest

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.

The Happy Man.—W. COWPER.

MAN. Power of an honest

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.—JOHN FLETCHER.

MAN. Some Good in every

None are all evil.

The Corsair, Canto I. Verse XII.—LORD BYRON.

MAN Hopelessly Evil. No

There is, in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
And flowers of generous virtue blow;
To plant, to watch, to water there,—
This be our duty—this our care!

Blessings of Instruction.—JOHN BOWRING.

MAN. Limited Capacities of

Oh! how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confin'd
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

MAN. Contrarieties in

Nothing can be more astonishing in the nature of man than the contrarieties which we there observe, with regard to all things. He is made for the knowledge of truth: this is what he most ardently desires, and most eagerly pursues; yet when he endeavours to lay hold on it, he is so dazzled and confounded as never to be secure of actual possession. *Pensées.*—BLAISE PASCAL.

MAN Compared to a Garden.

And such is Man. A soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

Blessings of Instruction.—JOHN BOWRING.

MAN. Contradictions in

What a chimera is man! What a surprising novelty! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere medley of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe! If he is too aspiring and lofty, we can lower and humble him; if too mean and little, we can exalt him. To conclude, we can bait him with repugnances and contradictions, until, at length, he considers himself to be a monster even beyond conception.

Pensées.—BLAISE PASCAL.

MAN'S Relation to God.

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
We call a Man!
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fire
Of his desires!

How slight and short are his resolves at longest:
How weak at strongest!
Oh, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,
Can hardly stand,
Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they,
That have no stay!
Man's state implies a necessary curse;
When not himself he's mad; when most himself
he's worse.

Emblems, Book II. 14.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

MANHOOD.

The man is in effect a child still, only he has changed his play-things, and now acts upon a larger scale, but with the same trifling and contracted views.

Sermon on Messiah's Entrance into Jerusalem, by Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

MANKIND. Man's Estimation of

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.—HANNAH MORE.

MANNERS.

Striking manners are bad manners.

Conversational Remarks of Rev. ROBT. HALL.

MARRIAGE.

For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong.

The Lay of the Bell.—SCHILLER.

MARRIAGE. Advice respecting

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

Precepts or Directions for the Well-ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life.—LORD BURLEIGH.

MARRIAGE. Advice respecting

Young let the lover be, the lady old,
And that disparity of years shall prove
No bane to peace, although some bar to love.
'Tis not the worst, our nuptial ties among,
That joins the ancient bride and bridegroom young;
Young wives, like changing winds, their power display
By shifting points, and varying day by day;
Now zephyrs mild, now whirlwinds in their force,
They sometimes speed, but often thwart our course;
And much experienced should that pilot be,
Who sails with them on life's tempestuous sea.
But like a trade-wind is the ancient dame,
Mild to your wish, and every day the same;
Ready as time, no sudden squalls you fear,
But set full sail and with assurance steer;
Till every danger in your way be past,
And then she gently, mildly breathes her last;
Rich you arrive, in port awhile remain,
And for a second venture sail again.

The Parish Register, Part II.—G. CRABBE.

MARRIAGE. On rejecting offers of

How forward these men are!—I think, child, we kept up our dignity. Any girl, however inexperienced, knows how to accept an offer, but it requires a vast deal of address to refuse one with proper condescension and disdain. I used to practise it at school with the dancing-master!

The Lady of Lyons, Act I. Scene I.
E. B. LYTTON.

MARRIAGE. Second

Women who have been happy in a first marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second.

The Drummer, Act II. Scene I.—ADDISON.

MARRIED. Advice to those

Should erring nature casual faults disclose,
Wound not the breast that harbours your repose;
For every grief that breast from you shall prove,
Is one link broken in the chain of love.
Soon, with their objects, other woes are past,
But pains from those we love are pains that last.
Though faults or follies from reproach may fly
Yet in its shade the tender passions die.

An Advice to the Married.—Dr. JOHN LANGHORNE.

MAY.

Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun
Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amorously lift up your heades all:
Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call.

Away, winter away!—JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

MEANS and MIRACLES.

When the angel brought St. Peter out of prison, the iron gate opened of its own accord. But coming

to the house of Mary, the mother of John, mark, he was fain to stand before the door and knock. When iron gave obedience, how can wood make opposition. The answer is easy. There was no man to open the iron gate, but a portress was provided of course to unlock the door. God would not therefore show his finger, where men's hands were appointed to do the work. Heaven will not superinstitute a miracle, where ordinary means were formerly in peaceable possession. But if they either depart or resign (ingenuously confessing their insufficiency) then miracles succeed in their vacancy. *Scripture Observations*, VIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

MEANS and END. The

It is not enough for men to propound pious projects to themselves, if they go about by indirect courses to compass them. God's own work must be done by God's own ways. Otherwise, we can take no comfort in obtaining the end, if we cannot justify the means used thereunto.

Historical Applications, VIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

MEDDLESOMENESS. Reward of

I saw two men fighting together till a third, casually passing by, interposed himself to part them; the blows of one fell on his face, of the other on his back, of both on his body, being the screen betwixt the fiery anger of the two fighters. Some of the beholders

laughed at him, as well enough served for meddling with matters which belonged not to him.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XVIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

MEDITATION. Advantages of

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if He were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, who was the more fair; but action to Leah, who was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking. *Resolves.*—OWEN FELTHAM.

MELANCHOLY. Analysis of

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh, that piercing, mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!

The Nice Valour, Act iii.—JOHN FLETCHER.

MELANCHOLY. Joys of

Voluntary solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on, like a Siren, a shooing-horn, or some sphinx, to this irrevocable gulf: a primary cause Piso calls it: most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side; to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; "amabilis insania," and "mentis gratissimus error." A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholise, and build castles in the air; to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done.

Anatomy of Melancholy.—ROBERT BURTON.

MELANCHOLY. How to cure

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well.

The Spleen.—MATTHEW GREENE.

MELODY. Origin of

O ! surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife ;
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

Music.—H. K. WHITE.

MEMORY.

League after league it hurrieth thee,
Yet never quits its place ;
It hath no wings wherewith to flee,
Yet wafts thee over space !
It is the fleetest boat that e'er
The wildest wanderer bore :
As swift as thought itself to bear
From shore to farthest shore ;
'Tis here and there, and everywhere,
Ere yet a moment's o'er !

Parables and Riddles—SCHILLER.

MEMORY. Endurance of a thought in the

You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance ; sooner shut
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion ;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.

The Elder Brother, Act III. Scene V.
JOHN FLETCHER.

MEMORY. Lapse of

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?

Maxims, CCCI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MEN. Honest

I was a gentleman before I turned conspirator; for honest men are the gentlemen of nature!

The Lady of Lyons, Act II. Scene I.—E. B. LYTTON.

MEN that are truly FREE.

Men who have long tossed upon the troubled ocean of life, and have learned by severe experience to entertain just notions of the world and its concerns, to examine every object with unclouded and impartial eyes, to walk erect in the strict and thorny paths of virtue, and to find their happiness in the reflection of an honest mind, alone are—free.

Solitude, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

MEN. Neglected

Men of great stature will quickly be made porters to a king, and those diminutively little, dwarfs to a queen, whilst such who are of a middle height may get themselves masters where they can. The moderate man eminent for no excess or extravagancy in his judg-

ment, will have few patrons to protect, or persons to adhere to him.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXXIII.
THOMAS FULLER.

MEN. Little Great

I have visited many countries, and have been in cities without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation.

Citizen of the World, Letter LXXIV.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

MEN of WIT.

Your men of wit are good-for-nothing, dull, lazy, restive snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing fool, that commands his fortune.

The Cheats of Scapin, Act. III. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

MEN and WOMEN. Difference between

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.

Othello, Act III. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

MEN and INSECTS.

Men are even as their fellow insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the

summer of their little season, then droop, die away, and are succeeded, and succeeded in insignificant rotation.

The Fool of Quality, Chap. IV.—H. BROOKE.

MERCHANTS, their influence.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life, who carries off every redundance, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the products of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

The Fool of Quality, Chap. IV.—H. BROOKE.

MERCY in HEAVEN.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.

The Temptation and Victory of Christ.
GILES FLETCHER.

MERCY brightens the Rainbow.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main;
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

The Temptation and Victory of Christ.
GILES FLETCHER.

MERCY for all.

Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?

* * *

Forgiveness meets with all faults.

Bonduca, Act IV. Scene III
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

MERCY and TRUTH.

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought,
Came walking in the way, to hell-ward she looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,
A full benign burd, and buxom of speech;
Her sister, as it seemed, came soothly walking,
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness.

Pierce Plowman.—ROBERT LONGLANDE.

MERCY is Unpurchasable.

Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Measure for Measure, Act II. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

MERIT.

Merit not always—Fortune feeds the bard,
And as the whim inclines, bestows reward:
None without wit, nor with it numbers gain;
To please is hard, but none shall please in vain.

The Candidate.—G. CRABBE.

METROPOLITAN LIFE. Corrupting Influences of a

Patience and resignation follow and reside with a contented heart; every crowding care flies away on the wings of gaiety; and on every side agreeable and interesting scenes present themselves to our view: the brilliant sun sinking behind the lofty mountains, tinging their snow-crowned turrets with golden rays; the feathered choir hastening to seek within their mossy cells, a soft, a silent, and a secure repose; the shrill crowing of the amorous cock; the solemn and stately march of oxen returning from their daily toil; and the graceful paces of the generous steed. But, amidst the pleasures of a great metropolis, where sense and truth are constantly despised, and integrity and consciences thrown aside as inconvenient and oppressive, the fairest forms of fancy are obscured, and the purest virtues of the heart corrupted.

Solitude, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill.
But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as, at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Ode to Midnight.—H. K. WHITE.

MIGHT. Real

Unbounded is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.

On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese.
WM. WORDSWORTH.

MIND. The

Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it,
When years its proper but less subtle fire
Begins to dim.

The Wife, Act III. Scene III.—J. S. KNOWLES.

'Tis well that man to all the varying states
Of good and ill his mind accommodates;
He not alone progressive grief sustains,
But soon submits to unexperienced pains.

The Borough, Letter XXIII.—G. CRABBE.

MIND. Lowliness of

Oh! I would walk
A weary journey to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!
What is the pomp of learning,—the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

MIND. Defects in the

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

Maxims, CCCCLXI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MIND. No Cure in Nature for a Disordered

Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!

Philaster, Act III.—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

MINDS. Vulgar

The wings on which my soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purged and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty.

The Elder Brother, Act I. Scene II.
JOHN FLETCHER.

MINERALS and PLANTS.

I read in a learned physician how our provident mother, Nature, foreseeing men (her wanton children) would be tampering with the edgetools of minerals, hid them far from them, in the bowels of the earth, whereas she exposed plants and herbs more obvious to the eye as fitter for their use. But some bold empirics, neglecting the latter as too common, have adventured on those

hidden minerals, ofttimes (through want of skill) to the hurt of many and hazard of more.

Occasional Meditations, XV.—THOMAS FULLER.

MIRACLES. Ancient and Modern

They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Scene III.
SHAKSPERE.

MIRTH. Wicked

Wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.

The Knight of the Burning Castle, Prologue.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

MISERS.

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

Night Thoughts, V. Line 992.—EDWARD YOUNG.

MISERS. Description of Genuine

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the

midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make from imaginary wants real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps there is not one in whom all these circumstances are united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation—men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

The Bee, No. III.—GOLDSMITH.

MISERS devour Poor People.

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful.

Pericles, Act II. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

MISERY. The Depth of

Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Paradise Lost, Book IV. Line 73.—JOHN MILTON.

MISFORTUNE, alleviated by Pity.

The misfortunes of the great, my friend, are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones

of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: they have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter XXV. GOLDSMITH.

MISFORTUNES that can be borne.

We all bear the misfortunes of other people with an heroic constancy. *Maxims*, LVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MOMENTS.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Night Thoughts, I. Line 193.—EDWARD YOUNG.

MONEY.

Money may speedily be spent, but how tedious and troublesome is it to tell it! And by consequence how much more difficult to get it!

Historical Applications, XXIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

MOON. How to visit the

If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a

mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle. Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion to it, as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat. This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

The Discovery of a new World.—Dr. John Wilkins.

MORNING.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.

Lara, Canto II. Verse I.—Lord Byron.

MORNING. Approach of

Now morn her rosy step in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Paradise Lost, Book V. Line I.—John Milton.

MORNING.

Wake up! The sun presents an image in his rays,
How man can shine at morn to his Creator's praise.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

MORNING. Appearance of

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes;
And, from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

Fragments.—H. K. WHITE.

MORNING Duties.

See, the time for sleep has run;
Rise before or with the sun,
Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The Author of eternal day,
That as the light, serenely fair,
Illumines all the tracts of air,
His sacred spirit so may rest,
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,
And kindly cleanse it all within
From darker blemishes of sin:
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

Duties of the Morning.—THOS. PARNELL.

MOUNTAIN. Address to a

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,

Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MOUNTAINS on the Mind. Effect of the Sight of

The thought of death sits easy on the man
Who has been born and dies among the mountains.

The Brothers.—W. WORDSWORTH.

MOURNING. Joy in

How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves,
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Inestimable gain) and gives Heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

Night Thoughts, v. Line 245.—EDWARD YOUNG.

MUSIC. The Spirit of

Music once admitted to the soul, becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies. It wanders perturbedly through the halls and galleries of the memory, and is often heard again, distinct and living as when it first displaced the wavelets of the air.

Zanoni, Book I. Chapter I.—E. B. LYTTON.

MUSIC. Influence of

Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature;
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

MUSIC. Soothing Power of

Music! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul;—
So light its loveliest effect displays
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
A slanting sunbeam shoots, and instant limns
The etherial curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom:

O Music! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturbed; thy voice, though mournful, soothes;
And mournful aye are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,—
The autumn of the spring.

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

MUSIC at Night. Sweetness of

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day-time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Occasional Meditations.—BISHOP HALL.

MUSICAL Controversy between a Youth and a Nightingale.

This fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard.

A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart!

Lover's Melancholy.—JOHN FORD.

Nature. Signs of God in

There is a signature of wisdom and power impressed upon the works of God, which evidently distinguishes them from the feeble imitations of men. Not only the splendour of the sun, but the glimmering light of the glow-worm, proclaims his glory.

Sermon on Immanuel, by Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

NATURE. Divinity in

Those things which Nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using Nature as an instrument; nor is there any such art or knowledge divine in Nature herself working, but in the guide of Nature's work.

Concerning Laws and their several kinds.
RICHARD HOOKER.

NATURE. Wisdom in

Now, Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peoples it. She is never straitened for want of room. She has placed animals, furnished with fins, in a single drop of water; and in such multitudes, that Leeuwenhoek the natural philosopher reckoned up to thousands of them.

Studies of Nature.—BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

NATURE. The Laboratory of

Nature herself is a laboratory in which metals, and all elements, are for ever at change. Easy to make gold—easier, more commodious, and cheaper still, to make the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. Oh, yes; wise men found sorcery in this too; but they found no sorcery in the discovery, that by the simplest combination of things of every-day use they could raise a devil that would sweep away thousands of their kind by the breath of consuming fire. Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man! what will prolong it, and you are an impostor! Discover some invention in machinery that will make the rich more rich, and the

poor more poor, and they will build you a statue! Discover some mystery in art, that will equalise physical disparities, and they will pull down their own houses to stone you.

Zanoni, Book IV. Chapter IV.
E. B. LYTTON.

NATURE. Liberality of

Nature is liberal to her inmost soul,
She loves alike the tropic and the pole,
The storm's wild anthem, and the sunshine's calm,
The arctic fungus, and the desert palm;
Loves them alike, and wills that each maintain
Its destined share of her divided reign;
No creeping moss refuse her crystal gem,
No soaring pine her cloudy diadem!

Astræa.—O. W. HOLMES.

NATURE. Effects of a Love of

Sensibility to the beauties of nature should be cherished in young persons. It engages them to contemplate the Creator in his wonderful works; it purifies and harmonises the soul, and prepares it for moral and intellectual discipline; it supplies a never-failing source of amusement; it contributes even to bodily health, and, as a strict analogy subsists between material and moral beauty, it leads the heart by an easy transition from the one to the other, and thus recommends virtue for its transcendent loveliness, and makes vice appear the object of contempt and abomination.

Essay on the Love of Nature.—JAMES BEATTIE.

NATURE. Value of a Taste of Wild

There is no better way of enabling him to win back his birthright as a rational and reflective being, than a taste of the cup of wild nature, even though its acerbity should make him writhe at the time. That is the genuine medicine of the mind, far better than all the opiates of the library, and the bounding pulse of glowing and glorious thought returns all the sooner for its being a little drastic. None perhaps acts more speedily than a taste of the sea. Take a man who has never been beyond the "hum" of the city, or chime of the village clock, and whose thoughts float along with the current of public news in the one, or stagnate in the lazy pool of village chancings in the other, put him on shipboard on a fine evening, when the glassy water has that blink of greenish purple which landsmen admire, and seamen understand; give him offing till the turn of the night; then let the wind be loosed at once, and let the accumulating waves heave fathoms up and sink fathoms down; let there be sea-room, and trim the bark to drive, now vibrating on the ridge of the unbroken wave, now plunging into the thick of that which has been broken by its own violence, and hissing as if the heat of her career and collision were making the ocean to boil, as when the nether fire upheaves a volcanic isle; temper his spirit in those waters for even one night, and when you again land him safely you will find him tenfold more a man of steel.

Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.
ROBERT MUDIE.

NATURE. Lesson of

For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

Lines, composed on revisiting the Banks of the Wye.
W. WORDSWORTH.

NATURE. Teaching of

Ere we meet again you will turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet boughs, and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and housetop to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light!

Zanoni, Book I. Chap. IV.—E. B. LYTTON.

NATURE'S FAITHFULNESS.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

Lines composed on revisiting the banks of the Wye.
W. WORDSWORTH.

NATURE Spoiled by Man. Beauty of

Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,
There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.

The Giaour, Line 46.—LORD BYRON.

NATURE. The one touch of

In the tale of human passion, in past ages, there is something of interest even in the remoteness of the time. We love to feel within us the bond which unites the most distant eras—men, nations, customs,

perish; the affections are immortal!—they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book III. Chap. II.
E. B. LYTTON.

NATURES. Low

Base natures ever grudge at things above them,
And hate a power they are too much obliged to,
When fears are on them, then their kindest wishes
And best rewards attend the gallant warrior;
But dangers vanish'd, infamous neglect,
Ill usage, and reproach, are all his portion;
Or at the best, he's wedded to hard wants,
Robb'd of that little hire he toiled and bled for.

The fall of Caius Marius, Act V. Scene II.
T. OTWAY.

NAUTILUS. Description of a

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.

The Pelican Island.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NEGLECT. Sorrow of

I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield.—Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

NEST. Description of a Thrush's

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

A Sonnet.—JOHN CLARE.

NEWS. Love of

A master passion is the love of news,
Not music so commands, nor so the Muse:
Give poets claret, they grow idle soon;
Feed the musician and he's out of tune.

The Newspaper.—G. CRABBE.

NIGHT. Descriptions of

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paus'd
From trouble and turmoil.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

When twilight fades, steal forth the constellations bright;
Below, 'tis day that lives,—in upper air the night.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

And Night, with gentle step and melancholy,
Breathes low through heaven; with her comes love the holy—
Phœbus the lover rests—
Be all life, rest and love!

Evening.—SCHILLER.

NIGHT in SWEDEN. Description of a

The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit

together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

The Children of the Lord's Supper.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NIGHT in the EAST.

Beautiful is the moonlight of the south! In those climes the night so quickly glides into the day, that twilight scarcely makes a bridge between them. One moment of darker purple in the sky—of a thousand rose-hues in the water—of shade half victorious over light, and then bursts forth at once the countless stars—the moon is up—night has resumed her reign.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book IV. Chap. VI.
E. B. LYTTON.

NIGHT. Solemnity of

The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car;
The church-bell tolls, deep sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night;
Or, where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.

Clifton Grove.—H. K. WHITE.

NIGHT. Influence of

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering thro' the trees,
The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The Grave.—ROBERT BLAIR.

NIGHT. Beauty of

I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.

Manfred.—LORD BYRON.

NIGHT the time for Study.

Is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,

And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo god; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.

A Summer Evening's Meditation.
Mrs. BARBAULD.

NIGHT the Time for REST.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NONSENSE.

Hudibras has defined nonsense, as Cowley does wit, by negatives. Nonsense says he, is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of

being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense: you may as well assault an enemy that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms anything, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot refute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

The Whig, Examiner, No. 4.—ADDISON.

Obedience. Necessity for

Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

King Henry V. Act I. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

OBLIGATIONS and INGRATITUDE.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

Maxims, XLVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

OBLIVION.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

Christian Morals.—SIR THOS. BROWNE.

OCEAN. Sublimity of

O thou vast Ocean! ever sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.

Address to the Ocean.—B. W. PROCTOR.

OPINION and TRUTH. Distinction between

Universality is such a proof of truth, as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is, from private persons, but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion.
JOHN HALES.

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others. *Maxims*, CCCXXIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Paintings. Characteristics of Salvator's

As in genius of the more spiritual cast, the living man, and the soul that lives in him, are studiously made the prominent image; and the mere accessories of scene kept down and cast back, as if to show that the exile from Paradise is yet the monarch of the outward world—so, in the landscapes of Salvator, the tree, the mountain, the waterfall, become the principal, and man himself dwindles to the accessory. The matter seems to reign supreme, and its true lord to creep beneath its stupendous shadow. Mere matter giving interest to the immortal man, not the immortal man to the inert matter. A terrible philosophy in art!

Zanoni, Book III. Chap. IV.—E. B. LYTTON.

PALACE. Description of a

A deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!
A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends

That were not lovers ; no ambition, save
To exceed them all in love ; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !
And when night came amidst the breathless Heavens,
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses !

The Lady of Lyons, Act II. Scene I.—E. B. LYTTON.

PARADISE.

Death ; thou hast shewn me much—
But not all : shew me where Jehovah dwells,
In his especial paradise—or thine :
Where is it ?
Here, and o'er all space.

Cain, Act II. Scene II.—BYRON.

PARADISE. Despair of
He must dream
Of what ? of Paradise !—Ay ! dream of it,
My disinherited boy ! 'Tis but a dream.

Cain, Act. III. Scene I.—BYRON.

PARSON. A good

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath cloth'd his own ambassador) ;
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres):
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.

The Character of a Good Parson.
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

PASSION. Cultivated

Passion itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors ; but, in touching the pathos, the poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart, and those cold conceits which are engendered in the fancy.

Essay, XI.—GOLDSMITH.

PASSION. A ruling

I have repeatedly remarked to you, in conversation, the effect of what has been called a Ruling Passion.

When its object is noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. *Essays on Decision of Character.* JOHN FOSTER.

PASSIONS. Influence of our

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

Maxims, CCCXXXV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PASSIONS should be in Subjection. Our

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain. *Letter against excessive Grief.* Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

PAST. The

The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

PATIENCE.

Be not too eager in the arduous chase;
Who pants for triumph seldom wins the race:
Venture not at all, but wisely hoard thy worth,
And let thy labours one by one go forth.

The Candidate.—G. CRABBE.

PATIENCE of Celestial Origin.

Celestial patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

The Force of Religion, Book I. Line 249.
EDWARD YOUNG.

PATIENCE in Labour and Tribulation.

I will labour not to be like a young colt first set to plough, who more tires himself out with his own untowardness (whipping himself with his misspent mettle) than with the weight of what he draws; and will labour to bear patiently what is imposed upon me.

Occasional Meditations, X.—THOMAS FULLER.

PATRIOTISM. Want of

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.—SCOTT.

PEACE—under what Circumstances Honourable.

Is not peace the end of arms?
Not where the cause implies a general conquest;
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our land-marks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds, that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,

And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' th' bowels on us,
It must not be. No; as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em;
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our hands our swords. That hardy Roman
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes. *Bonduca,* Act I. Scene I.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

PERSEVERANCE. Value of

Perseverance merits neither blame nor praise; it is only the duration of our inclinations and sentiments, which we can neither create nor extinguish.

Maxims, CCCXL.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PHILOSOPHY. The Teaching of

All that philosophy can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. *The Bee,* No. II.—GOLDSMITH.

PHILOSOPHY and RELIGION.

Of all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest. Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny. While we hear, every day, the small pretenders to science talk of the absurdities of Alchemy, and the dream of the Philosopher's Stone, a more erudite

knowledge is aware that by Alchemists the greatest discoveries in science have been made, and much which still seems abstruse, had we the key to the mystic phraseology they were compelled to adopt, might open the way to yet more noble acquisitions. The Philosopher's Stone itself has seemed no visionary chimera to some of the soundest chemists that even the present century has produced.

Zanoni, Book II. Chap. VI.
E. B. LYTTON.

PHYSICIAN. The true

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh;
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again:
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

Holy Sonnets, I.—JOHN DONNE.

PITY. Analysis of

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's

calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity.

Treatise on Human Nature.—THOMAS HOBBES.

PLACE.

All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. *Essay on Great Place.*—LORD BACON.

PLEASURE. Slavishness to

The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute;
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure is a slave to smoke.

Emblems, Book II. 4.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

PLEASURE always mingled with woe.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Childhood: A Poem. Part II.—H. K. WHITE.

PLEASURE and QUIET.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitudes.
THOMAS GRAY.

PLEASURES. Mental

Mental pleasures are within the reach of all persons who, free, tranquil, and affectionate, are contented with themselves and at peace with their fellow-creatures. The mind contemplates the pranks of school, the sprightly aberrations of our boyish days, the wanton stories of early youth, our plays and pastimes, and all the little hopes and fears of infancy with fond delight.

Solitude, Chap. IV.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

PLEASURES cannot be numbered.

Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure,
For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

POET. Description of a

To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the gar-

den, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

Rasselas.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

POETRY. Advantages of

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take some wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste;

which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes of rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men (most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves).

Defence of Poesy.—Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

POETRY. Immortality of

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself.

What is a Poet?—W. WORDSWORTH.

POLITENESS.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

Essay on the Life of Johnson.
LORD MACAULAY.

POLITICIANS. Bad

Such are no good politicians who will make a sore to mend a spot, cause a wound to plain a wrinkle,

do a great and certain mischief when a small and uncertain benefit will thereby redound.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXXI.
THOMAS FULLER.

POPULARITY and GLORY.

Popular glory is a perfect coquette; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. *The Bee*, No. V.—GOLDSMITH.

POVERTY. Blessings of

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crowned,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blessed, I'll scorn each vain desire.

Elegy.—JAMES HAMMOND.

PRAISE.

Praise is the reflection of virtue; but it is glass, or body, which giveth the reflection.

Essay on Praise.—LORD BACON.

PRAISE.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour—
Mere transitory things:
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.

Threnodia Augustalis, Part I.—GOLDSMITH.

PRAISE. Undeserved

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve, often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

Maxims, CCCLXI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PRAYER. Definitions of

Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!

Fridolin.—SCHILLER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that

shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—Prayer.

Zanoni, Book VII. Chap. XVI.—E. B. LYTTON.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God; whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. *Course of Sermons for the Year.*

JEREMY TAYLOR.

PRAYER always available.

Heav'n's never deaf but when men's heart is dumb.

Emblems, Book III., The Entertainment.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

PRAYER. Cause of unanswered

Many times good men pray, and their prayer is not a sin, but yet it returns empty; because, although the man may be, yet the prayer is not, in proper disposition.

Sermon on Prayer.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

PRAYER. Power of

The good man's prayer is among the reasons by which the Omnipotent is moved in the administration of the universe. The poor man's prayer pierceth the clouds: and weak and contemptible as he seems, he can draw down the host of heaven, and arm the Almighty in his defence, so long as he is able only to utter his wants, or can but turn the thought of his heart to God.

Sermon on Prayer.—Dr. OGDEN.

PRAYER. Postures in

Shameful my sloth, that have deferred my night prayer till I am in bed. This lying along is an improper thing for piety. Indeed there is no contrivance of our body, but some good man in Scripture hath hanselled it with prayer. The publican standing, Job sitting, Hezekiah lying on his bed, Elijah with his face between his legs. But of all gestures give me St. Paul's: For this cause I bow my knees to the father of my Lord Jesus Christ; knees when they may then they must be bended. *Good Thoughts in Worse Times*, VI.

THOMAS FULLER.

PRAYER should be direct to God.

Prayers made to God by saints fetch a needless compass about. That is but a rough and uneven way. Besides one steep passage therein, questionable whether it can be climbed up, and saints in Heaven made sensible of what we say on earth. The way of the plain, or plain way, both shortest and surest, is, "Call upon me in the time of trouble." Such prayers, though starting last, will come first to the mark.

Scripture Observations, XIV.—THOMAS FULLER.

PRAYER and its Answers.

When Plato gave Diogenes a great vessel of wine, who asked but a little and a few caraways, the Cynic thanked him with his rude expression: "Thou neither answerest to the question thou art asked, nor givest according as thou art desired: being inquired of, how many are two and two? thou answerest, twenty." So it is with God and us in the intercourse of our prayers; we pray for health and he gives us, it may be, a sickness that carries us into eternal life; we pray for necessary support for our persons and families, and he gives us more than we need; we beg for a removal of a present sadness, and he gives us that which makes us able to bear twenty sadnesses, a cheerful spirit, a peaceful conscience, and a joy in God, as an antepast of eternal rejoicings in the kingdom of God.

Sermon on Prayer.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

PRAYER of a Good Man, compared to the singing of a Lark.

I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass judgment upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to

heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Course of Sermons for the Year.
JEREMY TAYLOR.

PREACHING.

O that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! *Sermon of the Plough.*—HUGH LATIMER.

PREACHING. The best

This I quarrelled at, that he went far from his text to come close to me, and so was faulty himself in telling me of my faults.

Personal Meditations, XXIV.—THOMAS FULLER.

PREACHING in Olden Time.

It is an abominable shame, and a crying sin of this land, that poor people hear not in their churches the sum of what they should pray for, believe, and practise; many mock-ministers having banished out of divine service the use of the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments. *Mixt Contemplations on these Times*, XLV.
THOMAS FULLER.

PRECEDENCY.

Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume!

The Grave.—ROBERT BLAIR.

PRESCRIPTION. A Soldier's

If you'll heal me quickly,
Boil a drum-head in my broth. I never prosper
With knuckles o' veal, and birds in sorrel sops,
Caudles and cullisses. If thou wilt cure me,
A pickled herring, and a pottle of sack, Doctor,
And half a dozen trumpets!

The Knight of Malta, Act II. Scene IV.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

PRIDE.

'Tis thus that Pride triumphant rears her head,—
A little while and all her power is fled.

The Captivity, Act III.—GOLDSMITH.

Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give
To helpless infants, that their own may live;
Pleased to be known, they'll some attention claim,
And find some by-way to the house of fame.

The Parish Register, Part I.—G. CRABBE.

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods,
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

Essay on Man.—ALEX. POPE.

PRIDE to a certain extent Allowable.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must

be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

Table Talk.—JOHN SELDEN.

PRIDE. How to Overcome

Say to thy pride, "'Tis all but ashes for the urn;
Come, let us own our dust, before to dust we turn."

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

PRIESTHOOD. The

In the earlier times of Rome the priesthood was a profession, not of lucre but of honour. It was embraced by the noblest citizens—it was forbidden to the plebeians. Afterwards, it was equally open to all ranks; at least that part of the profession which embraced the flamens, or priests,—not of religion generally, but of peculiar gods.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book II. Chapter II.
E. B. LYTTON.

PROCRASTINATION in Principle and Practice.

Delays in business are dangerous.—I must send for the smith next week—and in the meantime will take a minute of it.

The Drummer, Act III. Scene I.
ADDISON.

PROFESSION. Choice of a

Let my children be husbandmen and housewives; it is industrious, healthy, honest, and of good example: like Abraham and the holy ancients, who pleased God, and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the

works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world.

Letter to his Wife and Children.—WM. PENN.

PROGRESS and SUCCESS.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou wouldst ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;
But, wouldst thou stride the staunch old mare,
"Success,"
Go with thine elders, though they please thee less.

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

PROMISES. Efficacy of God's

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Pilgrim's Progress.—JOHN BUNYAN.

PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but

the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men.

Of Property.—Dr. Paley.

PROPERTY. Origin of

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man "dominion over all the earth, and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. And while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

Commentary on the right of Property.
Sir William Blackstone.

PROSPERITY. Enervating Influence of

Characters enervated by prosperity feel the smallest inconvenience as a serious calamity, and, unable to bear

the touch of rude and violent hands, require to be treated like young and tender flowers, with delicacy and attention; while those who have been educated in the rough school of adversity walk over the thorns of life with a firm and intrepid step, and kick them from the path with indifference and contempt.

Solitude, Cap. III.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue than adversity.

Maxims, CCCCXLVII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PROTECTION and PRESERVATION.

Lord be pleased to make the hedge high enough and thick enough that if I be so mad as to adventure to climb over it, I may not only soundly rake my clothes, but rend my flesh; yea, let me rather be caught and stick in the hedge, than, breaking in through it, fall on the other side into the deep ditch of eternal damnation.

Mixt Contemplations, XIX.—THOMAS FULLER.

PROVIDENCE.

Read Heaven's decrees; they're writ in mystic sense,
For were they open laid to mortal eyes,
Men would be gods, or they no deities.
Perhaps the wiser pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happiness allay;
Lest, should it in its high perfection come,
Your soul for the reception might want room.

Alcibiades, Act I. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

PROVIDENCE. Divine

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Providence.—WILLIAM COWPER.

PROVIDENCE in Nature.

When I look on a leaden bullet, therein I can read both God's mercy and man's malice. God's mercy, whose providence foreseeing that men of lead would make instruments of cruelty, did give that metal a medicinal virtue ; as it hurts so also it heals ; and a bullet sent in by man's hatred into a fleshy and no vital part, will (with ordinary care and curing), out of a natural charity, work its own way out.

Mixt Contemplations, I.—THOMAS FULLER.

PROVIDENCE Overrules all.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now 'tis not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all : Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes ?

Hamlet, Act v. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

PROVIDENCE in Works of Nature.

Divine providence is remarkable in ordering that a fog and a tempest never did nor can meet together in

nature. For as soon as a fog is fixed the tempest is allayed; and as soon as a tempest doth arise the fog is dispersed. This is a great mercy; for otherwise such small vessels as boats and barges, which want the conduct of the card and compass, would irrecoverably be lost.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, v.
THOMAS FULLER.

PRUDENCE and LOVE.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; in proportion as the last increases, the other decreases.

Maxims, CCCLIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Rage.

Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.

Biographia Borealis.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

RAINBOW. The

From Pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!
Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas,

No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st too near—it flies!
First with the floods it came, to fade
As roll'd the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the Artist's mighty hand?

Parables and Riddles.—SCHILLER.

READING.

For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read. I read Fielding's Amelia through without stopping. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may perhaps not feel again the inclination.

The Rambler.—DR. JOHNSON.

READING. On

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers; who, by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole.

Abstract of my Readings.—EDWARD GIBBON.

READING. Influence of Retirement and

The man whose bosom neither riches, nor luxury, nor grandeur, can render happy, may, with a book in his hand, forget all his torments under the friendly shade of every tree ; and experience pleasures as infinite as they are varied, as pure as they are lasting, as lively as they are unfading, and as compatible with every public duty as they are contributory to private happiness.

Solitude, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

REFRAINING. The Power of

Refrain to-night :
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

RELIGION. Definitions of

Religion, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that profane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites !
How princes, who thy power deny,
Pretend thee for their tyranny,
And people for their false delights.

All is not Gold that Glitters.—JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is well contained within the

true band of unity. The quarrels and divisions about religion were evils unknown to the heathen.

Essay on "Unity in Religion."—LORD BACON.

RELIGION. Ministration of

The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. * * * * Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shews the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it.

The Vicar of Wakefield, Chapter XXIX.—GOLDSMITH.

RELIGION. Importance of

Religion, on account of its intimate relation to a future state, is every man's proper business, and should be his chief care. Of knowledge in general, there are branches which it would be preposterous in the bulk of mankind to attempt to acquire, because they have no immediate connection with their duties, and demand talents which nature has denied, or opportunities which Providence has withheld. But with respect to the primary truths of religion the case is different; they are of such daily use and necessity, that they form not the materials of mental luxury, so properly, as the food of the mind.

Sermon on The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes.—Rev. ROBERT HALL.

RELIGION. Effects of

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid.

A Practical View of Christianity.
W. WILBERFORCE.

RELIGION. Fanatics in

Fanatics have pleased their fancies these late years, with turning and tossing and tumbling of religion, upward and downward, and backward and forward; they have cast and contrived it into a hundred antic postures of their own imagining. However, it is now to be hoped, that after they have tired themselves out with doing nothing but only trying and tampering this and that way to no purpose, they may at last retire and leave religion in the same condition wherein they found it.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XLVI.
THOMAS FULLER.

REPENTANCE.

Repentance is not dated.

Emblems, Book II. 13.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

REPENTANCE.

What is past is past. There is a future left to all men, who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.

The Lady of Lyons, Act IV. Scene I.
E. B. LYTTON.

REPENTANCE. Definitions of

Repentance is not so much remorse for what we have done, as the fear of consequences.

Maxims, CCCLXXXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

From the sun's searching power can vagrant planets rove?
How then can wandering man fall wholly from God's love?
Still from each circle's point to the centre lies a track;
And there's a way to God from furthest error back.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

REPUBLICS and MONARCHIES.

A commonwealth and a king are no more contrary than the trunk or body of a tree and the top branch thereof; there is a republic included in every monarchy.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XLV.
THOMAS FULLER.

REPUTATION.

Whatever ignominy we may have incurred, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.

Maxims, CCCLXXXVI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

RESIGNATION.

Dark clouds and stormy cares whole years o'ercast,
But calm my setting day, and sunshine smiles at last:
My vices punish'd and my follies spent,
Not loth to die, but yet to live content,
I rest. *The Parish Register.*—G. CRABBE.

RESOLUTION.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it; take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will anything annoy you.

Guesses at Truth.—JULIUS and AUGUSTUS HARE.

REST. Home of true

But never, in the mire of troubled streams,
Swell'd by wild torrents from the mountain's breast,
But on the still wave's mirror, the soft beams
Of happy sunshine rest.

The Poet to his Friends.—SCHILLER.

REST. Longing for

Yet, lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:

My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.

The Giaour, Line 1000.—LORD BYRON.

REST. True

True rest consists not in the oft revying
Of worldly dross;
Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her cross.
How worldlings droil for trouble! that fond breast
That is possess'd
Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

Emblems, Book I. 6.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

RESURRECTION after Death.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

The Last Man.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

RESURRECTION. The

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,

All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent: for that's as good
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

Holy Sonnets, VII.—JOHN DONNE.

RESURRECTION. Certainty of the

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the

spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection.

An Exposition on the Creed.—DR. JOHN PEARSON.

RETIREMENT.

A life of

Sweet solitary life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright;
In thee no dread of war or worldly foes;
In thee no pomp seduceth mortal sight;
In thee no wanton ears, to win with words,
Nor lurking toys, which city-life affords.

Retirement.—THOMAS LODGE.

REVENGE.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out: for as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law, but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office.

Essay on Revenge.—LORD BACON.

RICHES.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, "impedimenta;" for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory; of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

Essay on Riches.—LORD BACON.

RICHES. Value of

Riches are valuable at all times, and to all men, because they always purchase pleasures such as men are accustomed to and desire: nor can anything restrain or regulate the love of money but a sense of honour and virtue, which, if it be not nearly equal at all times, will naturally abound most in ages of knowledge and refinement.

Essay on the Effects of Luxury.
DAVID HUME.

RIGHT. Always

Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it proved otherwise?

Hamlet, Act II. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

RITUAL. The English

Nor would I leave unsung
The lofty ritual of our sister land:
In vestment white, the minister of God
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues,
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising, sing, *With harp, with harp,*
And voice of psalms; harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.

And now the tubes a mellowed stop controls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ peal, loud rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir : Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward : afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch :
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death ; but, ah ! a wish will rise,—
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!"

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

RIVULET. Description of a

The rivulet,
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony,
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood, laughing as it went :
Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.

Alaster; or the Spirit of Solitude.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Sabbath Morning. The

The Sabbath morn
Is sweet—all sound, save nature's voice, is still:
Mute shepherd's song-pipe, mute the harvest horn;
A holier tongue is given to brook and rill:
Old men climb silently their cottage-hill,
There ruminate and look sublime abroad,
Shake from their feet, as thought on thought comes still,
The dust of life's long dark and dreary road,
And rise from this gross earth, and give the day to God.

Sabbath Morning.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

SAGACITY.

Human sagacity, stimulated by human wants, seizes first on the nearest natural assistant. The power of his own arm is an early lesson among the studies of primitive man. This is animal strength; and from this he rises to the conception of employing, for his own use, the strength of other animals.

Progress of the Mechanical Arts.
DANIEL WEBSTER.

SATAN. Double dealing of

Besides, Satan will never shew himself but to his own advantage. If as a devil, to fright them; if as an angel of light, to flatter them, however to hurt them.

Mixt Contemplations, IV.—THOMAS FULLER.

SATAN. Signs of Grief in

He now prepared
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

Paradise Lost, Book I. Line 575.
JOHN MILTON.

SATAN'S Method of Tempting.

Satan is a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Only he inverts the method, and in his bill of fare takes the second course first. Ever since he overtempted our grandmother Eve, encouraged with success, he hath preyed first on the weaker sex. It seems he hath all the vices, not the virtues, of that king of beasts; a wolf-lion having his cruelty without his generosity.

Occasional Meditations, XIV.
THOMAS FULLER.

SCHOOL. A Country

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;

And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

The Schoolmistress.—WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

SCHOOLMASTER. Advantages of having a Good

One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him.

The Schoolmaster.—ROGER ASCHAM.

SCHOOL-TRAINING. A grievous fault in

I have long thought that the method of school-masters in the instruction of their children is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution as a pilot lays hold of the rudder of a ship, by the tail, by the single motive

of fear alone. Now as fear has no concern with anything but itself, it is the most confined, most malignant, and the basest, though the strongest of all passions. * * * * Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honour. It therefore can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier, and, least of all, a good Christian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good Christians.

The Fool of Quality, Chap. VI.—H. BROOKE.

SCRIPTURE. Rendering of

Grant that I may never rack a scripture simile beyond the true intent thereof, lest, instead of sucking milk, I squeeze blood out of it.

Scripture Observations, I.—THOMAS FULLER.

SCRIPTURE. The Wealth of.

How fruitful are the seeming barren places of scripture: bad ploughmen, which make balks of such ground. Wheresoever the surface of God's Word doth not laugh and sing with corn, there the heart thereof within is merry, with mines affording, where not plain matter, hidden mysteries. *Scripture Observations*, XVI. THOMAS FULLER.

SEAMANSHIP.

The pious pilot, whom the gods provide,
Through the rough seas the shattered bark to guide,

Trusts not alone his knowledge of the deep,
Its rocks that threaten, and its sands that sleep,
But whilst with nicest skill he steers his way
The guardian Tritons hear their favourite pray.

The Candidate.—G. CRABBE.

SECRET. A

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Hamlet, Act I. Scene III.—SHAKSPERE.

SECRETS. Concerning Keeping

How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves.

Maxims, CCCLXXXIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

SECTS. Origin and Growth of

Suppose ten men, of pretended purity, but real pride and peevishness, make a wilful separation from the Church of England, possibly they may continue some competent time in tolerable unity together. Afterwards, upon a new discovery of a higher and holier way of divine service, these ten will split asunder into five and five, and the purer moiety divide from the other as more drossy and feculent. Then the five in process of time, upon the like occasion of clearer illumination, will cleave themselves into three and two, some short time after the three will crumble into two and one, and the two part into one and one, till they come into the condition of the Ammonites, so scattered that not two of them

shall be left together. I am sad, that I may add with too much truth that one man will at last be divided in himself, distracted often in his judgment betwixt many opinions.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times.
THOMAS FULLER.

SELF. Knowledge of

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man.

Zanoni, Book III. Chapter XVIII.—E. B. LYTTON.

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

Past and Present.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love exaggerates our faults as well as our virtues.

Wilhelm Meister.—GOETHE.

SELF-MISTRUST.

Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

On the final Submission of the Tyrolese.
W. WORDSWORTH.

SENSE. Value of Common

Whoever has studied the lives of persons in whom the imagination is stronger than the will, who suspect their own knowledge of actual life, and are aware of their facility to impressions,—will have observed the influence which a homely, vigorous, worldly understanding obtains over such natures.

Zanoni, Book II. Chap. VIII.—E. B. LYTTON.

SERMONS. Proper composition of

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis *his* scripture, not the Holy Ghost's. First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

Table Talk.—JOHN SELDEN.

SERVANT. Character of a good

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.

King Lear, Act I. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

SERVANT. Account of a Russian male

He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his

master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn—a favourite phrase in Russia.

Domestic Scenes in Russia.—Rev. Mr. Venables.

SERVANTS.

Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.

The Drummer, Act iv. Scene i.—Addison.

SERVICE. God's

Well fare their hearts who will not only wear out their shoes but also their feet in God's service, and yet gain not a shoe latchet thereby.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, xxxvi.
Thomas Fuller.

SHIP AT SEA. Description of a

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

The Corsair, Canto i. Verse iii.
Lord Byron.

SHIPWRECK. An Evil Spirit's account of a

The ship sailed on, the ship sailed fast,
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his wreck;
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair,
And he was a subject well worthy my care;
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—
But I saved him to wreck further havoc for me!

Manfred, Act II. Scene III.—BYRON.

SICKNESS. Patience in

When a good man is ill at his ease, God promiseth to make all his bed in his sickness, pillow, bolster, head, feet, sides, all his bed. Surely that God who made him knows so well his measure and temper as to make his bed to please him. Herein his art is excellent, not fitting the bed to the person, but the person to the bed, infusing patience into him.

Scripture Observations, XII.—THOMAS FULLER.

SIGHS.

'Tis true, the breath of sighs throws mist upon a mirror;
But yet, through breath of sighs the soul's clear glass grows clearer.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

SILENCE.

Silence is the happiest course a man can take who is diffident of himself.

Maxims, CCCCLXXVIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

SILENCE and DARKNESS.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man).

Night Thoughts, I. Line 28.—EDWARD YOUNG.

SILENCE in NATURE.

Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the raised ear,
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!

A Summer Evening's Meditation.—Mrs. BARBAULD.

SIN. Growth of

No man can be stark naught at once. Let us stop the progress of sin in our soul at the first stage, for the farther it goes the faster it will increase.

Scripture Observations, XI.—THOMAS FULLER.

SIN. The rule of

When vice triumphant holds her sovereign sway,
And men through life her willing slaves obey;

When folly, frequent harbinger of crime,
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time;
When knaves and fools combined o'er all prevail,
When justice halts, and right begins to fail;
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,
And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

SIN. Miseries of

I live,
But live to die: and, living, see no thing
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,
A loathsome, and yet all invincible
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

Cain, Act I. Scene I.—BYRON.

SINCERITY. The Shield of

Such as are sensible with sorrow that their well-intending simplicity hath been imposed upon, abused, and deluded by the subtilty of others, may comfort and content themselves in the sincerity of their own souls; God no doubt hath already forgiven them, and therefore men ought to revoke their uncharitable censures of them. And yet divine justice will have its full tale of

intended stripes, taking so many off from the back of the deceived, and laying them on the shoulders of the deceivers.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XX.
THOMAS FULLER.

SINS and REPENTANCE.

The mariners at sea count it the sweetest perfume when the water in the keel of their ship doth stink. For hence they conclude that it is but little and long since leaked in; but it is woful to them when the water is felt before it is smelt, as fresh flowing in upon them in abundance. It is the best sorrow in a Christian soul when his sins are loathsome and offensive unto him. A happy token that there hath not been of late in him any insensible supply of heinous offences, because his stale sins are still his new and daily sorrow.

Mixt Contemplations, VII.—THOMAS FULLER.

SKULL.

The moral of a

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control;
Can all, saint, age, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II. Stanza VI.
LORD BYRON.

SLANDER.

Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to its blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

Hamlet, Act IV. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

SLAVERY. Unchangeableness of

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.

The Sentimental Journey.
LAURENCE STERNE.

SLEEP. Definitions of

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Macbeth, Act II. Scene II.—SHAKSPERE.

SLEEP. Definitions of

Balm that tames
All anguish, saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven.

To Sleep.—W. WORDSWORTH.

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, despair at me doth throw;
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

On Sleep.—Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

SLEEP and DEATH.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,

It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!
Queen Mab, Stanza I.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SLEEP and DEATH.

Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down our lids.
Cain, Act III. Scene I.—BYRON.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!
Valentinian, Act V. Scene II.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SLEEP. Gentleness of

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, Part V.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

SLEEP. Capriciousness of

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour

Lull'd by the winds, he slumbers deep;
While I in vain, capricious sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power;
And restless lie,
With unclosed eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

To Thought.—H. K. WHITE.

SLEEP, the Forgetfulness of Life.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The corteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for a while to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

Lara, Canto I. Verse XXIX.—LORD BYRON.

SLEEP. How to be lulled to

"I am weary," said the lady; "disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shown it hitherto. Wear this carkanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens." As her head sunk on the silken pillow — "How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumber?"

"I ever sleep best," said Blanche, "when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling."

"And I love," said Germonda, "to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have perilled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul."

"Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens," said the lady in whispering tones from her silken couch. "None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of

her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair good night to all."

The Albigenses.
Rev. C. R. MATURIN.

SLEEP and OBLIVION.

O gentle sleep! do they belong to thee,
These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,
A captive never wishing to be free.

To Sleep.—W. WORDSWORTH.

SMILE. A

Oh! what a sight there is in that word—smile—for it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a satiric smile, a smile of hate, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love. *Wise Saws.*—JUDGE HALIBURTON.

SMILE. A Child's

Shall those smiles be called
Feelers of love—put forth as if to explore
This untried world, and to prepare thy way
Through a straight passage intricate and dim?

Address to my Infant Daughter.—W. WORDSWORTH.

SNARES.

Busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolve, snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.

Emblems, Book II. 9.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

SOCIETY. Man not dependent on

Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.

Desultory Thoughts and Reflections.
THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

SOLDIER. The story of a British

Ten struck battles
I sucked these honour'd scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches

(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought
through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watery ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought
(Which was not fear, nor flight), as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward, as the Britons;
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Aye, and as subtle, lady.

Bonduca, Act I. Scene I.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SOLDIER. A Notable
A bullet? I'll tell you, sir,
My paunch is nothing but a pile of bullets:
When I was in army service, I stood between
My general and the shot, like a mud-wall;
am all lead; from the crown of the head to the
Sole of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

The Honest Man's Fortune, Act II.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

SOLITUDE. Real

'Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto II. Stanza XXVI.
LORD BYRON.

SOLITUDE. Value of Genuine

The love of solitude, when cultivated in the morn of life, elevates the mind to a noble independence: but, to acquire the advantages which solitude is capable of affording, the mind must not be impelled to it by melancholy and discontent, but by a real distaste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational contempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just apprehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its insinuating and destructive gaieties. *Solitude*, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

SOLITUDE to be Wooed.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,

Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again, I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Ode to Solitude.—DR. JAMES GRAINGER.

SOLITUDE foreign to Human Nature.

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once thus left desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.

The Giaour, Line 943.—LORD BYRON.

SON. Advice to a

Endeavour to be innocent as a dove, but as wise as a serpent; and let this lesson direct you most in the greatest extremes of fortune. Hate idleness, and curb all passions; be true in all words and actions; unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well-considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive in-

juries done to yourself, and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Memoir by LADY FANSHAWE.

SONGS. National

Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!

Feelings of the Tyrolese.—W. WORDSWORTH.

SORROW.

My tree was thick with shade: O blast! thine office do,
And strip the foliage off, to let the heavens shine through.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

SORROW. Sacredness of

Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker, he has had a share!)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment.

The Parish Register, Part III.—G. CRABBE.

SORROW mixed with every Joy.

Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I. Verse LXXXII.
LORD BYRON.

SORROW of Heart. Greatest

Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.

The Giaour, Line 1161.—LORD BYRON.

SORROW amongst Birds.

So in the fields,
When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,
Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such degrees approach,
Till joining thus they bill, and spread their wings,
Murmuring love, and joy their fears are over.

The Orphan, Act. III. Scene I.—T. OTWAY.

SORROW and JOY.

Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
Long as the passion reigns the effects endure.

The Lover's Journey, Tale X.—G. CRABBE.

SORROW'S FRIEND.

Time
Is a true friend to sorrow.

The Brothers.—W. WORDSWORTH.

SORROWS. Value of

Value soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.

These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men;
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Cato, Act II. Scene IV.—ADDISON.

SOUL. The

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds.

Sonnet on Shakspere.—HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

SOUL. Health of the

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection, than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

Maxims, CCCCIX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

SOUL. How to preserve Health of

Consider what two petitions Christ couples together in his prayer: when my body, which every day is hungry, can live without God's giving it daily bread, then and no sooner shall I believe that my soul, which daily sinneth, can spiritually live, without God's forgiving it its trespasses.

Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience, Dialogue VI.
THOMAS FULLER.

SOUL. Luxuries of the

The soul being the nobler and more sublime part, our chief care should be laid out in pleasing it, as a wise subject should take more care in pleasing the king than his ministers, and the master than his servants. The true and allowable luxury of the soul consists in contemplation and thinking, or else in the practice of virtue, whereby we may employ our time in being useful to others: albeit, when our senses and other inferior faculties have served the soul in these great enjoyments, they ought to be gratified as good servants, but not so as to make them wild masters, as luxury does, when it rather oppresses than refreshes them.

The Moral History of Frugality.
SIR G. MACKENZIE.

SOUL. Immortality of the

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;

The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

The Grave.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SOUL. Immortality of the

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Cato, Act V. Scene I.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

SOUL. Endurance of a Virtuous

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But though the whole world turn to a coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Virtue.—GEORGE HERBERT.

SOUL. The Power of the

Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens,
And, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day.

Pleasures of Imagination.—MARK AKENSIDE.

SOUL compared to a Clock. The

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to the abuse
Of eating rust) want vigour to fulfil

Her twelve hours' task, and shew her Maker's skill,
But idly sleeps unmoved, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good,
If thou be pleased to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days;
Her hand shall point thy power, her hammer strike thy praise.

Emblems, Book IV. 8.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

SOULS.

Some men have a Sunday soul, which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning.

Conversational Remarks of Rev. ROBERT HALL.

SPEAKING. Correct

Once more; speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall;
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,
Try over hard to roll the British R;
Do put your accents in the proper spot;
Don't,—let me beg you,—don't say "How?" for "What?"
And, when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

SPEAKING. Circumlocution in

You must not talk to him,
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honest plain sense, but you must wind about him.
For example,—if he should ask you what o'clock it is,
You must not say, "If it please your grace, 'tis nine;"
But thus, "Thrice three o'clock, so please my sovereign;"
Or thus, "Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
And so forth. *The Woman-Hater*, Act II. Scene I.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

SPEECH. Discretion of

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.

Essay on Discourse.—LORD BACON.

SPEECHIFYING.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more. *Maxims*, CX.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

SPIRIT. Description of a

I see a dusk and awful figure rise,
Like an infernal god, from out the earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form
Robed as with angry clouds; he stands between
Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

Manfred, Act III. Scene IV.—BYRON.

SPIRITS. An accomplishment of

A spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle.

The Drummer, Act. I. Scene I.—ADDISON.

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

God generally gives spiritual blessings and deliverances as he does temporal; that is, by the mediation of an active and vigorous industry. The fruits of the earth are the gift of God, and we pray for them as such; but yet we plant, and we sow, and we plough, for all that; and the hands which are sometimes lift up in *prayer* must at other times be put to the plough, or the husbandman must expect no crop. Everything must be effected in the way proper to its nature, with the concurrent influence of the divine grace, not to supersede the means, but to prosper and make them effectual.

Sermon by DR. SOUTH.

SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,

By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

The Voice of Spring.—MRS. HEMANS.

SPRING. Descriptions of

River and rivulet are freed from ice,
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless, but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
Mocking a little while the coming bloom.

Faustus.—GOETHE.

Cups of all various hues do the new wine contain,
With which king spring comes forth to feast his courtier train. *Strung Pearls.*—RUCKERT.

STAGE. The Theatrical

Stage, thou art the Fairy Land to the vision of the worldly. Fancy, whose music is not heard by men, whose scenes shift not by mortal hand, as the stage to the present world, art thou to the Future and the Past.

Zanoni, Book III. Chap. II.—E. B. LYTTON.

STARS. The

——— Beholding
The moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the Angels.

Evangeline, Part I.—LONGFELLOW.

STATE. Composition of the

A pitiful posture wherein the face is made to touch the feet, and the back is set above the head. God in due times set us right, and keep us right, that the head may be in its proper place. Next the neck of the nobility, then the breast of the gentry, the loins of the merchants and citizens, the thighs of the yeomanry, the legs and feet of artificers and day labourers. As for the clergy (here by me purposely omitted) what place soever shall be assigned to them; if low, God grant patience; if high, give humility unto them.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, II.
THOMAS FULLER.

STATESMANSHIP

Art thou a Statesman, in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
—First learn to love one living man;
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A Poet's Epitaph.—W. WORDSWORTH.

STEALTH. Lawful

Some are said to have gotten their life for a prey, if any, in that sense have preyed on (or, if you will,

plundered) their own liberty, stealing away from the place where they conceived themselves in danger, none can justly condemn them. *Scripture Observations*, XV.
THOMAS FULLER.

STOMACH. The Blessing of a Good

What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomach!

The Woman-Hater, Act. I. Scene II.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

STORM-FIEND. The

I am the Rider of the wind,
The Stirrer of the storm;
The hurricane I left behind,
Is yet with lightning warm;
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea
I swept upon the blast:
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet
'Twill sink ere night be past.

Manfred, Act. I. Scene I.—BYRON.

STORM. Description of a

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds, tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread dis-

turbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and was frightened * * Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel. * * Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us.

David Copperfield, Chap. IV.
DICKENS.

STUDENTS. Advice to

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;—
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions—let me change the rule—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business;

for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. *Essay on Studies.*—LORD BACON.

SUBLIMITY. Effect of

It is not easy to describe in words the precise impression which great and sublime objects make upon us when we behold them; but every one has a conception of it. It produces a sort of internal elevation and expansion; it raises the mind much above its ordinary state, and fills it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which it cannot well express. The emotion is certainly delightful, but it is altogether of the serious kind; a degree of awfulness and solemnity, even approaching to severity, commonly attends it when at its height, very distinguishable from the more gay and brisk emotion raised by beautiful objects.

Lecture on the Cultivation of Taste.
HUGH BLAIR.

SUBMISSION.

God of the just, Thou gav'st the bitter cup.
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

To my Mother.—H. K. WHITE.

SUCCESS. The Actor's Secret of

There is one way by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way

of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarcely leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in a falling sickness; that is the way to work for applause—that is the way to gain it.

Essay IV.—GOLDSMITH.

SUFFERING.

Because she bears the pearl,—that makes the oyster sore;—
Be thankful for the pain that but exalts thee more.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

SUMMER. The Approach of

Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume;
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell;

Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.
Meantime a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the west!
That all aslant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze,
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And fancy to my ravish'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musing lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.

On the Approach of Summer.—THOMAS WARTON.

SUNSET.

Sundown;—the lark's note melts into the air of even;
To earth she falls not back; her grave is in the heaven.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

SUNDAY.

Sundays the pillars are
On which heav'n's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful bed and borders,
In God's rich garden; that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of Man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

Sunday.—GEORGE HERBERT.

SUNDAY. Description of a Wet

A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye,

but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day.

Bracebridge Hall.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUPERSTITION.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.

Essay on Superstition.—LORD BACON.

SURFEIT.

Surfeits destroy more than the sword.

Women Pleased, Act I. Scene II.—JOHN FLETCHER.

SUSPICION.

Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight; certainly they are to be repressed, or at the least well guarded; for they cloud the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly: they dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy: they are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain.

Essay on Suspicion.—LORD BACON.

SYMPATHY.

Hail, sympathy! thy soft idea brings
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shews, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The maudlin prince of mournful sonneteers.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

Tailoring.

Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work: his mind is on nothing but filching.

The Knight of the Burning Castle, Act II.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

TALENTS. Three Precious

Time, health, and parts, are three precious talents, generally bestowed upon men, but seldom improved for God. *Resolutions,* I.—BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

TALKATIVENESS.

As it is the characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so small wits seem to have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

Maxims, CCCCXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

TALKING.

Let your words be few and digested; it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy, much more to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears.

Sermon by BISHOP HALL.

TASTE. Advantages of a Cultivated

The cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit.

Lecture on the Cultivation of Taste.
HUGH BLAIR.

TASTE and GENIUS. Difference between

Taste consists in the power of judging; genius in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts; but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative, which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty where it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of

others. Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.

Lecture on the Cultivation of Taste.
HUGH BLAIR.

TAXES and TAXATION.

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says."

The Way to Wealth.—DR. FRANKLIN.

TEMPEST. Description of a

There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For, forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to

swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly; making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness, with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

TEMPLE of NATURE. The

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—
The vaulted firmament; far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city-chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom.

The Sabbath.—JAMES GRAHAME.

TEMPTATION.

'Tis fair as frail mortality,
In the first dawn and bloom of young creation,

And earliest embraces of earth's parents,
Can make its offspring ; still it is delusion.

Cain, Act. II. Scene II.—BYRON.

TEMPTATION. The turning point in

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Measure for Measure, Act. II. Scene II.
SHAKSPERE.

TEMPTATION. Resisting

When I cannot be forced, I am fooled out of my integrity. He cannot constrain if I do not consent. If I do but keep possession, all the posse of hell cannot violently eject me ; but I cowardly surrender to his summons. Thus there needs no more to be my undoing but myself.

Personal Meditations, XV.
THOMAS FULLER.

TEMPTATION and MINISTRATION.

Lord, I read of my Saviour, that when he was in the wilderness, then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him. A great change in a little time. No twilight betwixt night and day. No purgatory condition betwixt hell and heaven, but instantly, when out devil, in angel. Such is the case of every solitary soul. It will make company for itself. A musing mind will not stand neuter a minute, but presently side with legions of good or bad thoughts.

Grant, therefore, that my soul, which ever will have some, may never have bad company.

Scripture Observations, XIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

TEMPTING and YIELDING.

'T is one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

Measure for Measure, Act II. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

TENDERNESS.

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it.

Pericles, Act IV. Scene I.—SHAKSPERE.

THEATRICALS in England and China.

The English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter V.
GOLDSMITH.

THINGS LOST are valued most.

So falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Much Ado about Nothing, Act IV. Scene I.
SHAKSPERE.

THINKING. How to acquire habits of

The habit of thinking with steadiness and attention can only be acquired by avoiding the distraction which a multiplicity of objects always creates, by turning our observation from external things; and seeking a situation in which our daily occupations are not perpetually shifting their course, and changing their direction.

Solitude, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

THOUGHT.

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart

From depths doth call,
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

Thoughts of Heaven.—ROBERT NICOLL.

THOUGHTS.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

Conversational Remarks of Rev. ROBERT HALL.

THOUGHTS. Purity of

O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires:
Thou art Heaven's tasker, and thy God requires
The purest of thy flower, as well as of thy fires.

Emblems, Book II. 7.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

TIME. Origin of

From old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:

Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew Eternity his sire;
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhinged,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

Night Thoughts, II. Line 208.
EDWARD YOUNG.

TIME. Mysteries of

Time,—mysterious chronicler!
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

Time: A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

TIME. Flight of

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

The Immutable.—SCHILLER.

TIME. Redeeming

Alas! how much of my life is lavished away? Oh, the intricacies, windings, wanderings, twinings, tergiversations, of my deceitful youth! I have lived in the midst of a crooked generation, and with them have turned aside into crooked ways. High time it is

now for me to make straight paths for my feet, and to redeem what is passed by, amending what is present and to come. *Occasional Meditations*, v.—THOMAS FULLER.

TIME. Improvement of

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
And on thy dial write, "Beware of thieves!"
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal,
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden time!

Urania.—O. W. HOLMES.

TIME. Misspent

Time is never more misspent than while we declaim against the want of it; all our actions are then tinctured with peevishness. The yoke of life is certainly the least oppressive when we carry it with good humour; and in the shades of rural retirement, when we have once acquired a resolution to pass our hours with economy, sorrowful lamentations on the subject of time misspent, and business neglected, never torture the mind.

Solitude, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

TIME Past cannot be Restored.

Time flies, and still they weep; for never
The fugitive can time restore;
An Hour once fled, has fled for ever,
And all the rest shall smile no more!

The Hours.—M. G. LEWIS.

TIME should not be Wasted.

This I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing of time, have fatter barns in the harvest than they which will either sleep at the noontime of the day, or else make merry with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar that purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed time, which be scholars, as it is very timely, and when we be young ; so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour ; our ground is very hard and full of weeds, our horse wherewith we be drawn very wild, as Plato saith. And infinite other molests, which will make a thrifty scholar take heed how he spendeth his time in sport and play. *Toxophilus.*—ROGER ASCHAM.

TIME. Definition of a Particular

The Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia. *The Garden of Cyrus.*
Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

TIME on RUINS. Effect of

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears,
Aghast, the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

The Ruins of Rome.—JOHN DYER.

TIME. Destroying Power of

Time antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things. *Urn Burial.*

Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

TIME Conquers all.

Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation? *Time:* A Poem.—H. K. WHITE.

TONGUE should be Governed. How the

I will conclude with some precepts and reflections of the son of Sirach upon this subject:—"Be swift to hear, and, if thou hast understanding, answer thy neighbour; if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth. Honour and shame is in talk. A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city, and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated. A wise man will hold his tongue till he see opportunity; but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. A backbiting tongue hath disquieted many; strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the

houses of great men. The tongue of a man is his fall; but if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding."

Sermon by BISHOP BUTLER.

TONGUE. The most Flattering

There is no tongue that flatters like a lover's; and yet in the exaggeration of his feelings, flattery seems to him commonplace. Strange and prodigal exuberance, which soon exhausts itself by overflowing.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book III. Chapter IX.
E. B. LYTTON.

TRADE Easily Learnt. A

A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

TRAITORS.

Traitors in their fall are like the sun,
Who still looks fairest at his going down.

Alcibiades, Act IV. Scene III.—T. OTWAY.

TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

Epigrams by SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

Treason, how dark art thou?
In shapes more various than e'er Proteus knew.

Alcibiades, Act IV. Scene III.—T. OTWAY.

TRIVIALITIES.

Feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Lines composed on revisiting the Banks of the Wye.
W. WORDSWORTH.

TRUTH. Definition of

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

The Character of Polybius, the Historian.
JOHN DRYDEN.

TRUTH. The Perception of

It is only in a peculiar state of the mind that it is capable of perceiving truth; and that state is profound serenity. Your mind is fevered by a desire for truth: you would compel it to your embraces; you would ask me to impart to you, without ordeal or preparation, the grandest secrets that exist in nature. But truth can no more be seen by the mind unprepared for it, than the sun can dawn upon the midst of night. Such a mind receives truth only to pollute it; to use the simile of one who has wandered near to the secret of the sublime Goetia (or the magic that lies within nature, as electricity within the cloud), "He who pours water into the muddy well, does but disturb the mud."

Zanoni, Book III. Chap. IV.—E. B. LYTTON.

TRUTH. History of

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

Areopagitica.—JOHN MILTON.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight is a great blessing of God to mankind: for, should our eyes be instantly posted out of darkness into light, out of midnight into morning, so sudden a surprisal would blind us. God, therefore, of his goodness, hath made the intermediate twilight to prepare our eyes for the reception of the light.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXV.
THOMAS FULLER.

THEOLOGY. Genuine

He that is most *practical* in Divine things, hath the purest and sincerest knowledge of them, and not he that is most *dogmatical*. Divinity, indeed, is a true efflux from the Eternal light, which, like the sunbeams, does not only enlighten, but heat and enliven; and, therefore, our Saviour hath in his Beatitudes connext Purity of heart with the Beatifical Vision.

Select Discourses, 1660, by SMITH.

Unbelief. Strength and Weakness of

Profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the petit superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and the referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

Salmonia.—Sir HUMPHREY DAVY.

UPRIGHTNESS.

Be good, and fear for naught that slanderous speech
endangers;
Who bears no sin himself affords to bear a stranger's.

Strung Pearls.—RUCKERT.

Vain Glory.

It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it.

Essay on Vain Glory.—LORD BACON.

VALOUR.

Perfect valour consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Maxims, CCCCXXXI.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

VALOUR. True

The things true valour's exercised about,
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease;
The least is death.

The Character of True Valour.—BEN JONSON.

VALOUR Seasons all Virtues.

A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways:
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues,
They are all unseason'd without it.

The Character of True Valour.—BEN JONSON.

VANITY.

A vain thought engrosseth all the ground of my heart; till that be rooted out, no good meditation can grow with it or by it.

Good Thoughts in Worse Times, XIII.
THOMAS FULLER.

VICES.

My soul by nature is not only a servant, but a slave unto sin. Pride calls me to the window, gluttony to the table, wantonness to the bed, laziness to the chimney, ambition commands me to go up stairs, and covetousness to come down. Vices, I see, are as well contrary to themselves as to virtue. *Mixt Contemplations*, VIII.
THOMAS FULLER.

VIRTUE. Definitions of

A box, where sweets compacted lie;

Virtue.—GEORGE HERBERT.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

Essay on Beauty.—LORD BACON.

VIRTUE. Definitions of

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear,
Serene, the ills of life.

To an Early Primrose.—H. K. WHITE.

VIRTUE. Analysis of

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across the enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

The Castle of Indolence.
JAMES THOMSON.

VIRTUE. Inspiration of

By thee inspired, O Virtue! age is young,
And music warbles from the faltering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,

Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Virtue.—JAMES BEATTIE.

VIRTUE. The path of

The path of virtue, indeed, is devious, dark, and dreary; but though it leads the traveller over hills of difficulties, it at length brings him into the delightful and extensive plains of permanent happiness and secure repose. *Solitude*, Cap. II.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

VIRTUE. Test of true

Swerving Virtue
Endureth not rebuke—while that, that's steadfast,
With smiling patience suns the doubt away,
Wherewith mistrust would cloud it!

The Wife, Act III. Scene IV.—J. S. KNOWLES.

VIRTUE. Endurance of

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Virtue.—GEORGE HERBERT.

VIRTUE. Immortality of

Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high.

The Seasons—Winter.—JAMES THOMSON.

VISITORS. Unwelcome

Of all the vexations of life, there are none so insupportable as those insipid visits, those annoying partialities, which occupy the time of frivolous and fashionable characters.

Solitude, Cap. IV.—J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

WANTS FEW. Man's

Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth.

Childhood, Part II.—H. K. WHITE.

WAR an Infirmity.

We read, Luke xiii. 11, of a woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in nowise lift up herself. This woman may pass for the lively emblem of the English nation, from the year of our Lord 1642 (when our first wars began) unto this present 1660, are eighteen years in my arithmetic; all which time our land hath been bowed together, past possibility of standing upright.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, II.
THOMAS FULLER.

WATCHFULNESS.

Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul, who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot concieve how he can be a friend to any who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself.

Mixt Contemplations, XIII.—THOMAS FULLER.

Alas! how often erring mortals keep
The strongest watch against the foes who sleep;
While the more wakeful, bold, and artful foe
Is suffer'd guardless and unmasked to go.

The Borough, Letter XIX.—G. CRABBE.

WEALTH in the early ages.

In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

The Fool of Quality, Chap. II.—H. BROOKE.

WEALTH in a Country.

An equal diffusion of riches through any country ever constitutes its happiness. Great wealth in the possession of one stagnates, and extreme poverty with another keeps him in unambitious indigence; but the moderately rich are generally active: not too far removed from poverty to fear its calamities, nor too near extreme wealth to slacken the nerve of labour, they remain still between both, in a state of continual fluctua-

tion. How impolitic, therefore, are the laws which promote the accumulation of wealth among the rich; more impolitic still, in attempting to increase the depression on poverty. *Citizen of the World*, Letter LXXII.
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

WIFE. A Faithful

Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too?

King Henry VIII. Act II. Scene IV.—SHAKSPERE.

WILL. Value of Man's

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will;* but to say I can *will* if I *will*, I take to be an absurd speech. *The Necessity of the Will.*
THOMAS HOBBES.

WIND likened to Destiny.

The rude winds bear me onward
As suiteth them, not me,

O'er dale, o'er hill,
Through good, through ill,
As destiny bears thee.

The Autumn Leaf.—W. M. MILNES.

WINE.

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong,
Blind, and impatient, and it leads us wrong.

Edward Shore, Tale XI.—G. CRABBE.

WISDOM.

Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall: it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him: it is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.

Essay on Wisdom for a Man's Self.—LORD BACON.

WISDOM. The Chief

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.

Maxims, CCCCLXXXIV.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WISDOM. Characteristic of

Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon merit.

The Nice Valour, Act. I.
JOHN FLETCHER.

WISDOM'S Highest Teaching.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer,

Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life, and be at rest for ever.

Threnodia Augustalis, Part I.—GOLDSMITH.

WISDOM in MEN. Value of

Men of wit and parts need never be driven to indirect courses.

The Cheats of Scapin, Act III. Scene I.
T. OTWAY.

WISDOM. Endurance of

Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle; minds like these,
In childhood, from this solitary being,
This helpless wanderer have perchance received
(A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were.

The Old Cumberland Beggar.—W. WORDSWORTH.

WISDOM Viewing Mankind.

Wisdom contemplating mankind leads but to the two results—Compassion or Disdain. He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as

the naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill, or of a leaf. What is the earth to infinity—what its duration to the Eternal! Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire. The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the burial-ground called earth, and while the sarcophagus called life immures in its clay the Everlasting.

Zanoni, Book I. Chap. V.
E. B. LYTTON.

WISH. A

Not for a moment may you stray,
From truth's secure unerring way!
May no delights decoy!
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy!

To the Earl of Clare.—BYRON.

WOES.

Woes cluster: rare are solitary woes:
They love a train; they tread each other's heel.

Night Thoughts, III. Line 62.—EDWARD YOUNG.

WOMAN.

But once beguiled—and evermore beguiling.

The Bride of Abydos, Canto I. Verse VI.
LORD BYRON.

WOMAN.

Think not of beauty;—when a maid you meet,
Turn from her view and step across the street;
Dread all the sex: their looks create a charm:
A smile should fright you and a word alarm.

The Borough, Letter XIX.—G. CRABBE.

WOMAN. Value of a Good

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannér.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

From the Handling of Sins.
ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

WOMAN. Man less honourable than

There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me; are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every-thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,

And think, all shall go so! It is unjust
That men and women should be match'd together.

The Maid's Tragedy, Act. v.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WOMAN. No trust to be placed in

I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing.

Philaster, Act. v.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WOMAN. Instability of

The man who sets his heart upon a woman
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;
From air he takes his colours,—holds his life,—
Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat;
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold!
Oh, woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out.

The Lady of Lyons, Act. v. Scene I.—E. B. LYTTON.

WOMAN. Falsity of

Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How fond are striplings to believe her!

How throbs the pulse when first we view
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows!
How quick we credit every oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth!
Fondly we hope 't will last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day.
This record will for ever stand,
"Woman! thy vows are traced in sand."

To Woman.—BYRON.

WOMAN. Man conceals the virtues of

Oh, women! that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper [which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments]
Your matchless virtues to posterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal!

The Coxcomb, Act. v.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

WOMAN. Source of the virtues in

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

Imaginary Conversations.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WOMEN. The difference between

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Letters from a Citizen of the World, Letter XIX.
GOLDSMITH.

WORK. Necessity of

Man needs mankind, must be confest—
In all he labours to fulfil,
Must work, or with, or for, the rest;
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast—
'Tis waves that turn the mill.

Philosophers.—SCHILLER.

WORK the Destiny of all.

Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years!

Epistle to Lord Denny.—BISHOP HALL.

WORK productive of Health.

Toil and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm and gain a more compacted tone.

Health promoted by Exercise.—JOHN ARMSTRONG.

WORK should be Leisurely, not Lazily, performed.

God's work must not be done lazily but leisurely: haste maketh waste in this kind. In reformations of great importance, the violent driving in of the nail will either break the head or bow the point thereof, or rive and split that which should be fastened therewith. That may insensibly be screwed which cannot suddenly be knocked into people. Fair and softly goeth far; but alas! we have too many fiery spirits who, with Jehu, drive on so furiously they will overturn all in church and state if their fierceness be not seasonably retrenched.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXXIV.
THOMAS FULLER.

WORK. No Man's

Christ when on earth cured many a spot, especially of leprosy, but never smoothed any wrinkle; never made any old man young again.

Mixt Contemplations on these Times, XXXI.
THOMAS FULLER.

WORK in Nature.

The silent heavens have goings-on;
The stars have tasks.

Gipsies.—W. WORDSWORTH.

WORLD. Descriptions of the

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty-petty-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Emblems, Book I. 3.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

The world's a labyrinth, where *unguided* men
Walk up and down, to find their weariness.

The Night-Walker, Act IV.—JOHN FLETCHER.

WORLD a Perpetual Study. The

God seems to have proposed his material universe as a standing perpetual study to his intelligent creatures; where, ever learning, they can yet never learn all; and if that material universe shall last till man shall have discovered all that is unknown, but which, by the progressive improvement of his faculties, he is capable of knowing, it will remain through a duration beyond human measurement, and beyond human comprehension.

Progress of the Mechanical Arts.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

WORLD an Argument against Atheism. The Creation of the

Suppose the mind a blank, an unwritten scroll, fit to receive impressions for the first time. Look round the

world—observe its order—its regularity—its design. Something must have created it—the design speaks a designer; in that certainty we first touch the land. But what is that something? A God, you cry. Stay—no confused or confusing names. Of that which created the world, we know, we can know nothing, save these attributes, power and unvarying regularity; stern, crushing, relentless regularity, heeding no individual cases, rolling, sweeping, burning on; no matter what scattered hearts, severed from the general mass, fall ground and scorched beneath its wheels.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book I. Chapter VIII.
E. B. LYTTON.

WORLD full of Joy. The

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon.

Natural Theology.—Dr. PALEY.

WORLD. The Attractions of the

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honoured rays, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty the eye's idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

Farewell to the Vanities of the World.
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

WORLD. A Reason for the Badness of the

"O," says the person proud of blood, "it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!" But what would others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world? For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings.

No Cross, No Crown.—WILLIAM PENN.

WORLD. The Unseen

He's gone—his soul hath ta'en his earthless flight,
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

Manfred, Act III. Scene IV.—BYRON.

WORLD and MAN. The

He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

Maxims, XCIII.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WORSHIP. Value of

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths, and maidens gay!

Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Part VII.
S. T. COLERIDGE.

WRITING. Perfection of

This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.

Essay on Southey's Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress.
LORD MACAULAY.

WRITING BOOKS. Concerning.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

Not that a title's sounding charm can save,
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.—BYRON.

Yew-tree. Description of a

But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove;
Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine
Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,—
Not uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade,
Upon the grassless floor of red-brown hue,
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight—Death the skeleton
And Time the shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

Yew-Trees.—W. WORDSWORTH.

YOUTH.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second; for there is a youth in thoughts as well in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely.

Essay on "Youth and Age."—LORD BACON.

YOUTH. Death in

Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind.

The Village, Book I.—G. CRABBE.

Zeal of the Early Christians. The

Whoever regards the early history of Christianity, will perceive how necessary to its triumph was that fierce spirit of zeal, which, fearing no danger, accepting no compromise, inspired its champions and sustained its martyrs.

The Last Days of Pompeii, Book IV. Chapter I.
E. B. LYTTON.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 100 838 6